Glee Club Concert
And Dance
Willard Hotel Tonight

# The University Hatchet

STUDENT WEEKLY

Notice—Changes
In Exam Schedule
Page Two

VOL. 28, NO. 33 PUBLISHED IN TWO SECTIONS WASHINGTON, D. C., TUESDAY, MAY 24, 1932 SECTION ONE ENTERED AS SECOND CLASS MATTER POST OFFICE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

# Glee Clubs Sing in Concert at Willard Hotel Tonight

## Commencement Week Schedule Announced; Class Night Dance, Exercises Are Being Arranged

### Seniors Urged to Attend Last Informal "Get-Together," Tuesday Evening, June 14; George Gault's Orchestra Will Play

Arrangements for Class Night, which will be celebrated June 14, are being completed and a number of announcements have already been made. All members of the 1932 Graduating Class may attend this last informal function rightly anticipating a gala event.

A tentative program drawn up under the direction of Jean Fugitt, chairman of the Class Night Committee, includes the Salutatory Address; Class History; Class Prophecy; Presentation of Honorary Awards; special music by members of the University Glee Club; presentation of the Senior Mantle; and Valedictory Addresses from the two graduate schools and the undergraduate school.

An informal dance will follow immediately after the above program, with music by one of George Gault's Orchestras.

Invitations and tickets for the Commencement Exercises will be available the latter part of this week at the office of the Registrar. Ten invitations and five tickets have been allotted to each Senior. Extra tickets may be had by filing a written application at the Registrar's office, where a pro-rated number will be issued at a later date pending distribution of the regularly allotted number to the Faculty and Graduating Class.

**PROGRAM**

**Saturday, June 11**

RECEPTION and dance in honor of the Graduates given jointly by the General Alumni Association, the Columbian-George Washington Law School Association, and The George Washington University Medical Society at 9:30 o'clock at the Willard Hotel.

**Sunday, June 12**

BACCALAUREATE Sermon, New York Avenue Presbyterian Church, New York avenue and H street, at 3 o'clock. Members of the Board of Trustees, the Faculty, and the Graduating Classes will assemble in academic costume at the Medical School, 1335 H street at 2:30 o'clock. The Baccalaureate Sermon will be delivered by Bishop William Fraser McDowell, D.D., LL. D., L. H.D.

**Monday, June 13**

RECEPTION by President and Mrs. Marvin, in honor of the members of the Graduating Classes and their parents, at the Washington Club, 1701 K street, N. W., from 4 to 7 o'clock.

**Tuesday, June 14**

CLASS NIGHT Exercises at 8 o'clock, in Corcoran Hall, Room 10. Members of the Graduating Classes will assemble in academic costume at 7:30 o'clock in Stockton Hall, Room 10.

**Wednesday, June 15**

ONE HUNDRED and Eleventh Annual Commencement, Constitution Hall, Eighteenth and D streets, N. W., at 8 o'clock. Members of the Board of Trustees, the Faculty, and Graduating Classes will assemble in the basement of Constitution Hall at 7:30 o'clock. The Commencement Address will be delivered by Frederick Parker Gay, M. D.

## Seniors Requested To Make Pledges To Graduate Fund

### Standard Endowment Is $100, Payable in 10 Yearly Installments

Between now and Commencement every senior in the University will be asked by a fellow senior who is a member of the Graduate Endowment Fund committee, to make a pledge to the fund, according to Charles H. Jackson, Jr., president of the senior classes.

Committees have been organized by the senior presidents of each school of the University to undertake this task.

Meanwhile, letters have been sent by Jackson to all seniors, explaining the fund and asking all those who will, to pledge before they are personally interviewed.

The Fund is controlled entirely by those who pledge, members of the Board of Administrators being elected by the contributors.

At present the Board is composed of Margaret Maize, A. B. '28, chairman; Dorothy Ruth, A. B. '30; Arthur F. Johnson, M. E. '15, one of the founders of the Fund; Rowland Lyon, A. B. '30; Frank Weitzel, A. B. '31, and Edwin Weihe, B. Arch, '31.

**Started in 1926**

Since 1926 the Graduate Endowment Fund has enjoyed steady growth. With some 600 graduates going out from the University each year, there is every reason to anticipate that as its importance and value becomes fully recognized, a sum in the neighborhood of $60,000 should be added each year, making it possible within a short

(Continued on Page 6, Col. 2)

### Nelson Bell, Dramatic Critic, To Discuss Plays for Club

Nelson Bell, theatre critic of the Washington Post, will be the guest speaker at the Drama Appreciation Club meeting tomorrow evening at 8 o'clock in the Lambie House. He will discuss "The Devil Passes" and several other plays which members attended during the past winter.

Mr. Bell was scheduled to address the club at the meeting held on May 4 but illness prevented his presence. A substitute program consisting of readings and a discussion of drama in general was led by Mrs. Lenore Romney, sponsor of the club.

## Bids to Speech Arts Fraternity Extended

### Sigma Delta Phi Initiation to Be Followed by Luncheon

Ruth Molyneaux, Amanda Chittum, Virginia Wilson, and Adele Gisack have accepted bids and will be admitted to membership in Sigma Delta Phi, national women's speech arts fraternity, on Sunday morning, June 12. The initiation will be followed by a luncheon at the Tally-Ho at which the new members will be guests of honor.

Ruth Molyneaux was selected for membership for her meritorious achievements in drama and intercollegiates debate. Ruth has figured prominently both in Troubadours and Cue and Curtain presentations this year.

Amanada Chittum, although only a freshman, has gained a name for herself through her leading role in Sherwood's "The Queen's Husband" and for her comedy role in Tyler's "The Contrast," both of which were Cue and Curtain presentations.

Virginia Wilson first came before the University when she played a major comedy lead in "The Contrast." Adele Gusack, also a yeteran dramatic star, has appeared in many Cue and Curtain and Tronbadour productions.

## Political Turmoil Marks Elections By New Council

### Two Factions Tussle for Honors; Elton Billings Named to Presidency

Broken promises were abundant and rash misstatements of fact and opinion so numerous as to be unrecordable when the newly elected Student Council held its first meeting last Wednesday, but out of the political, social and personal melee enough moments of sanity were derived to permit the election of T. Elton Billings, representative from the Law School, president of the Council for the year 1932-33.

Prefaced by weeks of campaigning and alignment, the meeting of the newly elected representatives crystalized into a contest between two factions, led by Billings and D. Jack Goode, second representative from the Law School.

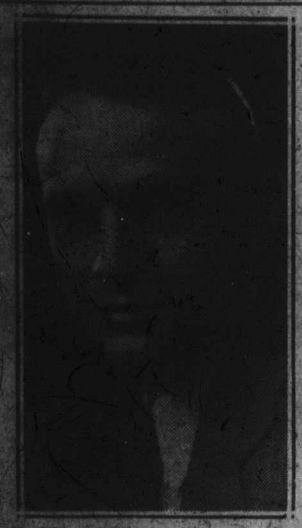
**Chaos Rules**

Chaos is said to have ruled for a while at the meeting, which was conducted by members of the retiring Council until the new offices were filled. Ballots were declared invalid because of technical constitutional requirements and elections to the vice presidencies occasioned much bickering. At length, when the majority had elected Kathleen Watkins, of the School of Education, to the position of first vice president, the minority, it is reported, turned to compromise in an attempt to avert complete defeat and allegedly promised to "be good" if it were spared some of the remaining offices. In the balloting which followed, Wenzl was named second vice president and Chester Chamberlain, of the School of Pharmacy, secretary; both were minority men.

The office of the treasurer of the

(Continued on Page 6, Col. 4)

### Heads New Council



T. Elton Billings, who was elected president of the Student Council Wednesday.

## Hour Glass Elects Officers at Banquet

### Edith Brookhart Chosen President at Annual Dinner

Edith Brookhart was elected president, Kathleen Watkins, vice president, Louise James, secretary-treasurer, and Ruth Molyneaux, palates, at the Hour Glass Honor Society's annual initiation banquet Friday, May 20, at the Kennedy-Warren.

Louise Berryman, Edith Brookhart, Ruth De Vane, Evelyn Eller, Cecile

(Continued on Page 6, Col. 3)

## L. Ron Hubbard Heads Movie Cruise Among Old American Piratical Haunts

### Ray Heimburger, University Engineer, Also on Crew of Old Four-Mast Schooner Which Will Record on Celluloid Famous Pirate Strongholds

Contrary to popular belief, windjammer days are not over, and Romance refuses to die the death—at least for fifty young gentlemen rovers who will set sail on the schooner *Doris Hamlin* from Baltimore on June 20 for the pirate haunts of the Spanish Main.

Heading the cruise, which is called the Caribbean Motion Picture Expedition, is L Ron Hubbard of the George Washington University Engineering School. Acting in the capacity of supercargo is Ray Heimburger, also a G. W. U. engineer.

These fifty men come from all over the country, a hand-picked crew of adventurers who, realizing the futility of finding jobs in this season of negative prosperity, are gambling their last dimes to film a series of pictures which are to concern the buccaneering days.

Their ship is the *Doris Hamlin* of Baltimore, a 1061 gross ton, fourmast, 200 feet by 38 feet sailing ship which they are equipping with labs and berths. *Doris* is one of the old school,

(Continued on Page 6, Col. 2)

## Dr. Notz To Speak At Pi Gamma Mu Initiation Ceremony

### Honor Society Will Hold Initiation Banquet at Kennedy-Warren

Dr. William F. Notz, dean of the [illegible] will be the guest of honor and speaker at the initiation banquet of Pi Gamma Mu, national social science honor society, at the Kennedy-Warren Thursday evening.

Twenty-four seniors and juniors who stand high in scholarship and achievement in the social sciences at George Washington University will be inducted into the society. These students, who were elected to membership upon the recommendation of the council of the local chapter, in recognition of their outstanding social science records, include Bernard S. Alford, Winfield D. Bennett, Iren T. Blythe, Mildred M. Burnham, James H. Coberly, Leo David, William C. Draper, Lester M. Gates, Evelyn V. Eller, Hugh G. Grant, Hilda G. Haves, Jane E. Hill, Bertha Kauffman, Odell B. Long, Marion E. Lord, Mildred M. Lutz, Robert F. Martin, Ray Miller,

(Continued on Page 6, Col. 1)

### Sphinx Scholarship Society Selects Osborne President

Martha Osborne was chosen president and Elizabeth Churchill secretary-treasurer of Sphinx, women's senior scholarship society. Elections were held in the Alpha Delta Pi rooms, Saturday, May 21.

The initiation ceremony took place in the Alpha Delta Pi rooms Tuesday, May 17. Martha Osborne, Elizabeth Churchill and Mildred Omwake are the new members of this organization.

## Splendid Program of Combined Organizations to Be Presented At Willard Hotel This Evening

### Popular and Classical Music To Be Renderd; Two Features Planned for Dance, Which Begins At 10:30 With Leon Brusiloff's Music

The Men's Glee Club, the Women's Glee Club and the combined glee clubs will present an elaborate program of classical and popular music, beginning at 8:30 this evening at the Willard Hotel.

At 10:30 p. m. dancing will be started with Leon Brusiloff's "Music Masters" furnishing the music. One of the features of the dance will be the use of a parabolic sound reflector to project the music toward the dancers.

The concert program is as follows: The Men's Glee Club will open with a group of four numbers, "Prayer of Thanksgiving" by Krewser, "Send Out Thy Light" by Klein, "The Long Day Closes" by Sullivan, and "Now Let Every Tongue Adore Thee" by Bach.

The second group, "In Wood Embowered" by Brahms, "Strike It Up Tabor" by Weelkes', "Drink To Me Only With Thine Eyes," Old English, and "The Cradle Song" By Kriesler, will be rendered by the Women's Glee Club.

**Baritone Solo Included**

Robert W. Cushman, baritone of the Men's Glee Club, will then sing two numbers, "Per La Gloria D'Adoraivi by Bonomcini, and "A Granada" by Alvarez.

The Men's Glee Club will then return and sing a second group of four numbers, "Lo, How a Rose E'er Blooming" by Praetorius, "In Dulci Jubilo" an old German carol; "Sushman Folk Song" by Brahms, and Brahm's "Lullaby."

Adele Meriam, piano soloist of the evening will play Chopin's "Ballad in G Minor."

Following her number the Men's Glee Club will sing "Gute Nacht," a German folk song, "Shenandoah" by Bartholomew, "Benedictus" by Gounod,

(Continued on Page 6, Col. 3)

## Rhetorical Analysis Figures Announced

### Half Million Words Studied to Obtain Contemporary Prose Standard

Interesting and valuable statistics indicating the weight of style in current English composition, gleaned from a comprehensive rhetorical analysis of themes, have been announced by Provost William Allen Wilbur, professor of English.

Separate figures for day and night classes, as well as the final averages, are shown:

| | Ave. | Day class | Night class |
|---|---|---|---|
| Average sentence length | 21.7 | 23.6 | 20.1 |
| Average length of simple units of understanding | 14.8 | 14.4 | 15.2 |
| Percentage of periodic sentences | 14.1 | 14.1 | 14.2 |
| Percentage of balanced sentences | 8.0 | 7.7 | 8.3 |
| Percentage of monosyllables | 63.5 | 62.1 | 64.9 |
| Percentage of native English words | 88.2 | 85.4 | 91.0 |
| Percentage of presentative words | 36.4 | 36.8 | 36.1 |

These figures were arrived at by having each student in English Rhetoric analyze a thousand words of his own work, from which class averages were compiled by a special committee. Because they represent the various patterns of composition of more than 500 students, with a total of over a half million words, it is felt that they are as reliable an average as can be obtained. Individual aberrations from normal tend to be eliminated in so large a survey; the final result, comprising as it does the work of students fresh from high school and of others who have been engaged in the business world, is an accurate picture of the standard in contemporary English prose.

### Donaldson Accepts Invitation To Write for German Institut

Professor John Donaldson has recently accepted an invitation to write a monograph on "Economic Planning and World Economy: American and International Aspects" for a series of studies of present trends in world economy to be published by the Institut fur Weltwirtschaft und Seeverkehr, of Kiel, Germany.

Dr. John Donaldson's "Le Mouvement d' Enterprise Internationale et la Politique Nationale," has just appeared in the current issue (Vol. II, No. 1) of the Revue Economique Internationale.

## Give Concert, Dance At Willard Tonight



Combined University Glee Clubs who will present a concert of popular and classical music at the Willard Hotel tomorrow night. Leon Brusiloff's Orchestra will play for several feature numbers and for dancing following the concert.

# The University Hatchet

STUDENT WEEKLY

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WASHINGTON, D. C., TUESDAY, MAY 24, 1932


## The Student Council

With election of officers last week the new Student Council officially assumed the role of governing body of campus activities. We congratulate the officers and members of the council upon their election and at the same time remind them that theirs will be no bed of roses. In the first place the retiring council has set a high precedent. Much more has been accomplished, not only in actual work done but in the direction of the perfection of a smooth-working organization. Next year will undoubtedly bring even greater developments to George Washington University and even more will be required of the new council than was produced by the one just finished.

Members of the Student Council must bear in mind that they are not fourteen individuals who are separately saddled with the responsibilities of this great University. Neither are they so many representatives of various organizations on campus. The Student Council is, and must necessarily be, larger than any individual or single organization. Their efforts will bear fruit in direct proportion to the amount of team work which becomes or fails to become the *piece de resistance* of their program.

## Your Dividend from the Endowment Fund

This week the Senior Class officers are making a drive for pledges to the Graduate Endowment Fund. Every senior will be faced with the problem of whether or not he or she should make a pledge.

Every graduate will ask himself "Why should I make a pledge to George Washington University? What is this fund for? Am I justified in refusing, or is this something to which every member of my class ought to give wholehearted support?"

If your feeling of friendliness for the University is not sufficient incentive for you to make a pledge, the practical value that you, yourself, will receive, is not to be overlooked. For every pledge that is made toward increasing the prestige of George Washington a certain amount of that prestige will be reflected upon its graduates. You will collect your dividend when you say, "I received my degree from George Washington University."

## An Obligation

Tonight the combined Glee Clubs of George Washington University are giving a concert and dance at the new Willard Hotel. Tickets are only one dollar per person. There is no reason why the immense ballroom should not be filled to capacity with students who are proud to do their bit toward helping the student organization that has probably done more than any other to further the name of our institution, and at the same time help themselves to as fine an evening of music as it would be possible to find elsewhere for many times the above-mentioned price.

## Seniors—Your Farewell

Fervent prayers and frequent urging has been done by the Senior Class Night Committee that members of the graduating class support the last social program sponsored by the class of 1932.

Putting sentiment aside, seniors owe the duty of their presence to their fellow classmates who will be honored at Class Night.

It is your last chance to add something to that rising tide of real cooperative spirit which has featured other University activities this year.

# CHIPS

And now at night the world has doffed her somber cloak and every crevice shines resplendent in the spring moon's shimmering shafts of silver. How now, I ask, can a young man's fancy turn to final exams? . . . I fear we must agree with Voltaire, who said, "Universities, too, are seats of despotism." . . . The blue coated myrmidons of the law have provided most of the week's excitement by clapping those little pink tickets on the boys for double parking on G street. We saw Sock Kennedy get socked even if he was waiting to take home the school's most popular girl. . . . The orchestra was a bit slow in the beginning at the Kappa dance, but it didn't end up so bad, though from a man's point of view it was not as good a smoker as the last one. . . . Most everyone drifted out to the Army, Navy, Marine Corps Country Club where the Sigma Chi's were holding one of them snooty affairs which turned out to be quite a battle of crooners—Norton vs. Atherton vs. Gleason. . . . All the popular and important women on the campus have been making a week of it with initiations in Gamma Eta Zeta, Hour Glass and Sphinx—all local organizations. . . . Has it struck you that something should be done to give the women at least one national honorary fraternity, when the men enjoy the prominence of O. D. K. and Pi Delta Epsilon? Who's to blame? . . . Harriet Atwell rode to The Hatchet office in a cab Sunday night, since Blackistone was in Philadelphia. . . . We see that Al Johnston has been making time with Bill Thomson's ex-wife, Ruth Griggs, here of late. . . . Marian Boyle made 100 in her sorority exam. Many a steel blade lays quiet in its silken sheath. . . . Pauline Schaub attends Hour Glass initiation in informal attire and consumes a quart of milk for her banquet. A crown of jewels for those that are different. A Schaubist Cult perhaps? . . . Our rising young politicians are getting a lot of practice along the line of getting "out" of politics in the Student Council shebango. . . . Evelyn Iverson, at the Gamma Eta Banquet, refused to reveal how it felt to be somebody's secret passion. . . .

See "Who's Who" this week. Everybody's ole pal, "Buzzbie Bain," member of the famous "Must Get Their's," who failed to get his at the Sigma Chi dance because he's in the midst of one of his periodical crushes. . . . Canoeing got popular this weekend. We saw several of the Hatcheteers out on the river. Guess they were enjoying the peaceful atmosphere after the strain of a rigorous week, or catching mosquitoes. . . . Sizoo and Fornoff are both vieing for the fair hand of Molly Pagan. Fornoff admits that he's the best man; so we have no doubt as to the outcome of the contest. . . . A certain Phi Sig, on being interviewed by the McNary-Winslow coalition, states that he would like to know why she doesn't wear the pin. . . . Raking up the ashes of an old affair—Dille pulled Hawkin's hair over in the Chi O rooms the other day, because "she'd always wanted to, and because Hawkins couldn't get away." . . . We took in the Kappa Alpha dance to find out what the boys did in their native haunts. Despite the heavy rain, the favorite haunt, according to the statistics we took, was the cars in the driveway. The June graduates are already duly impressed with the importance of being graduated: Graduation Fee—$20, Endowment Fund Pledge—$100, Membership in the American Association of University Women—$25—and thus far on into the night. . . . Midge Burnham took advantage of the Hour Glass Banquet to entertain the members of the Student Council, the Editor of The Hatchet, and others whom she deemed "politically expedient." Mrs. Barrows was there. Incidentally, we found out that the members of this society are supposed to act with quiet dignity.

It is interesting to note that a Kappa nominated a Chi O for president of Gamma Eta Zeta, and that the Chi O's returned the favor on the very next night by nominating Brookhart for president of Hour Glass. . . . Highlights of the Publications Dinner Dance. Vivian and Dille had their dates call for them after dinner. McCoy took Fuggitt home early and collected Bacon in time to get to the S. P. E. dance. Hawkins amused Weitzel by teaching him match tricks all evening.

Fesler got two dinners because Harrington had to wait for him so long that she gave up and ate her dinner. All The Hatchet hot shots left early so that the Friars, who were having a dinner dance, could have the floor to themselves. . . . As the year has been exhausting, so Rollo must admit he is fagged. We bid you all goodbye, and wish you a happy vacation! . . . Until summer school opens—a little cheer and pleasant dreams. . . . Au revoir.

DICK ROLLO.

## June Graduates Are Invited To Join University Women

All women who are graduating from George Washington University this June are eligible to join the American Association of University Women, according to a statement made public last week by Mrs. Vinnie G. Barrows, director of women's personnel guidance of the University. Any senior interested in visiting the home of the organization may obtain a guest card from Mrs. Barrows.

## Orchesis Selects Officers Of Club for Coming Year

Virginia-Lee Dillman was appointed publicity chairman; Lucy Cobb, social chairman, with Esther Pick as assistant; Catherine Fox, intramural representative; and Eleanor Heller, production manager, at the last meeting of Orchesis for this year.

# FINAL EXAMINATION SCHEDULE

## June 2-June 9, 1932

The class schedule is suspended during the examination period.

Examinations will be two hours in length. Books and scratch papers may not be taken into the examination room unless authorized by the instructor in charge.

Third group courses are not included. Courses in Law, Medicine and Pharmacy will be arranged by each school involved.

Conflicts which can not be adjusted with the instructor, and errors should be reported to the Registrar.

### THURSDAY, JUNE 2
**11:30 A. M.-1:30 P. M.**

| *Subject—Instructor* | *Room* |
|---|---|
| French 2-A—Thenaud | W-39 |
| French 2-E—Thomas | W-33 |
| French 6-A—Thenaud | W-29 |
| French 6-B—Thenaud | W-29 |
| French 6-C—Cornwell | W-39 |
| French 6-G—Cornwell | W-39 |
| French 6-H—Thomas | W-33 |

**5:10-7:10 P. M.**

| | |
|---|---|
| Anthropology 102—Carroll | W-31 |
| Botany 18—Bowman | Botany Lab. |
| Classical Literature 122—Smith | M-10 |
| Education 110—Hudson | B-12 |
| Education 134—Dreese | L-22 |
| French 2-C—Thomas | W-33 |
| French 2-D—Cornwell | W-39 |
| French 2-F—Deibert | W-29 |
| French 2-G—Kramer | W-32 |
| French 6-D—Cornwell | W-39 |
| French 6-E—Deibert | W-29 |
| French 6-F—Thomas | W-33 |
| French 6-K—Kramer | W-32 |
| French 6-L—Thenaud | W-29 |
| Graphic Art 16—Bray | J-42 |

### FRIDAY, JUNE 3
**9:10-11:10 A. M.**

| *Subject—Instructor* | *Room* |
|---|---|
| Architecture 4-A—Kline | E-14 |
| Botany 2-A—Yocum | K-22 |
| Economics 120-A—Sutton | W-22 |
| Education 116—Dreese | L-22 |
| English 130—Cooper | W-16 |
| History 2-A—Bemis | W-33 |
| History 38-A—Ragatz | W-29 |
| Home Economics 1-X—Kirkpatrick | C-23 |
| Mechanical Engineering 14-A—Lett | W-25 |
| Mechanical Engineering 112-A | Cruickshanks B-22 |
| Philosophy 156—Garnett | K-21 |
| Political Science 10-A—Tillema | W-27 |
| Political Science 196—Wilgus | W-17 |
| Psychology 160-A—Hubbard | L-12 |
| Sociology 28-A—Willard | W-39 + K-12 |

**11:30 A. M.-1:30 P. M.**

| | |
|---|---|
| German 2-A—Jehne | W-21 |
| German 2-B—Hughes | W-23 |
| German 2-C—Rogers | W-22 |
| German 6-A—Hughes | W-24 |
| German 6-D—Jehne | W-25 |

**2:30-4:30 P. M.**

| | |
|---|---|
| French 116-B—Deibert | W-24 |

**5:10-7:10 P. M.**

| | |
|---|---|
| Architecture 22—Crandall | E-12 |
| Architecture 132—Roberts | J-41 |
| Botany 108—Griggs | K-22 |
| Botany 136—Yocum | H-30 |
| Chemistry 4-B—McNeil | W-39 |
| Chemistry 22-B—VanEvera | W-37 |
| Chemistry 142—Mackall | W-15 |
| Chemistry 152—Dyer | W-35 |
| Civil Engineering 132-B—Chadwick | W-34 |
| Civil Engineering 150—Hitchcock | V-10 |
| Economics 136-B—Sutton | W-23 |
| Economics 156—Kennedy | D-11 |
| Economics 192—Donaldson | J-24 |
| Education 151-X—Powers | D-12 |
| Electrical Engineering 10-B—Ames | K-11 |
| Electrical Engineering 122—Ennis | P-10 |
| English 2-B—Wilbur | W-10 |
| English 10-C—Gibbon | Q-21 |
| English 120—Chace | B-21 |
| English 172—Bolwell | W-24 |
| French 122—Protzman | O-21 |
| Geology 24—Henderson | J-34 |
| Geography 112—Resser | P-21 |
| Graphic Art 12—Bibb | B-12 |
| History 2-B—Bemis | W-33 |
| History 152-B—Churchill | P-20 |
| History 164—Ragatz | J-23 |
| Home Economics 21-X—Towne | C-23 |
| Home Economics 192—Hudson | C-13 |
| Library Science 132—Severance | J-29 |
| Mathematics 6-B—Hodgkins | J-31 |
| Mathematics 10—Weida | W-21 |
| Mathematics 20-A—Mears | J-21 |
| Mathematics 132—Taylor | L-10 |
| Mathematics 170—Woolard | W-22 |
| Mechanical Engineering 14-B—St. Omer Boy | J-32 |
| Mechanical Engineering 130—Cruickshanks | X-11 |
| Philosophy 122—Garnett | Q-11 |
| Philosophy 140—Richardson | M-25 |
| Physics 14-B—Brown | J-14 |
| Political Science 10C—Johnstone | W-25 + W-27 |
| Political Science 182—Hill | L-22 |
| Psychology 2-D—Moss | W-29 |
| Psychology 160B—Hubbard | M-10 |
| Public Speaking 4-C—Yeager | W-16 |
| Sociology 28-B—Willard | L-21 + L-12 |
| Spanish 122—Krappe | B-22 |
| Zoology 2-A—Brown | K-12 |
| Zoology 138—Bartsch | I-11 |
| Zoology 140—McClosky | I-12 |
| Zoology 152—Popenoe | P-30 |

**7:30-9:30 P. M.**

| | |
|---|---|
| Architecture 14—Bibb | B-12 |
| Architecture 146—Crandall | E-12 |
| German 2-D—Hughes | W-24 |
| German 2-E—Rogers | W-27 |
| German 2-F—Jehne | W-22 |
| German 2-G—Hughes | W-21 |
| German 6-B—Jehne | W-23 |
| German 6-C—Rogers | W-25 |

**8 P. M.**

| | |
|---|---|
| History 204—Bemis | N-21 |

### SATURDAY, JUNE 4
**9:10-11:10 A. M.**

| *Subject—Instructor* | *Room* |
|---|---|
| Botany 2-F—Bowman | K-22 |
| Civil Engineering 134-A—VanLeer | D-11 |
| Education 106—LaSalle | W-15 |
| Education 112—Coyner | D-21 |
| English 52-A—Smith | W-29 |
| English 116-A—Bement | L-21 |
| English 166—Baker | L-22 |
| History 24-A—Kayser | W-33 |
| History 142—Ragatz | W-21 |
| Home Economics 160—Towne | C-21 |
| Philosophy 132—Garnett | K-21 |
| Philosophy 170—Richardson | K-11 |
| Political Science 10-E—Hill | W-27 |
| Political Science 192—Johnstone | W-16 + W-17 |

**11:30 A. M.-1:30 P. M.**

| | |
|---|---|
| Psychology 104—Hunt | W-33 |

**2:30-4:30 P. M.**

| | |
|---|---|
| Civil Engineering 118-A—French | J-23 |
| Civil Engineering 134-B—Van Leer | D-11 |
| Hist. 106—Bemis | K-12 |

**5:10-7:10 P. M.**

| | |
|---|---|
| Anthropology 122—Michelson | J-32 |
| Architecture 12—Bibb | B-12 |
| Architecture 134—Roberts | J-41 |
| Architecture 144—Smith | E-12 |
| Botany 2-H—Yocum | K-22 |
| Botany 116—Bowman | I-30 |
| Chemistry 6-B—McNeil | W-39 |
| Chemistry 42-B—Mackall | W-34 + W-37 |
| Chemistry 52—Dyer | W-31 |
| Chemistry 112—Gibson | W-35 |
| Chemistry 122-C—VanEvera | W-22 |
| Civil Engineering 118-B—French | J-23 |
| Civil Engineering 146—Hitchcock | V-10 |
| Economics 2G-K—Buchanan | W-10 |
| Economics 138—Owens | W-23 |
| Economics 150—Kennedy | W-17 |
| Education 126—Towne | C-13 |
| Education 148—French | M-10 |
| Electrical Engineering 136—Ames | P-10 |
| English 52-B—Smith | W-29 |
| English 116-B—Bement | D-21 |
| English 184—Shepard | L-21 |
| French 8—Thenaud | C-23 |
| French 120—Protzman | O-21 |
| German 120—Sehrt | J-24 |
| History 24-B—Kayser | W-33 |
| History 38-B—Ragatz | K-12 |
| History 176—Wilgus | W-16 |
| Home Economics 23-X—Haldeman | C-21 |
| Insurance—Dow, Fisher | J-31 |
| Library Science 136—Lathrop | J-29 |
| Mathematics 6-C—Hodgkins | K-11 |
| Mathematics 18—Weida | W-21 |
| Mathematics 19X-C—Johnston | W-24 |
| Mathematics 20-D—Mears | J-21 |
| Mathematics 128—Taylor | L-10 |
| Mechanical Engineering 138 | Lawrence X-11 |
| Physics 12-C—Cheney | J-14 |
| Political Science 10-G—West | L-12 |
| Political Science 116—Tillema | W-27 |
| Psychology 119-X—Hunt | B-11 |
| Spanish 1-X—Lazo | B-22 |
| Zoology 156—Brown | P-21 |

### MONDAY, JUNE 6
**9:10-11:10 A. M.**

| *Subject—Instructor* | *Room* |
|---|---|
| Chemistry 4-A—McNeil | W-39 |
| Civil Engineering 132-A—Ennis | J-31 |
| Economics 132—Owens | W-23 |
| Economics 136-A—Sutton | W-32 |
| English 10-A—Gibbon | L-21 |
| English 128—Baker | L-12 |
| English 164—Wilbur | W-17 |
| English 182—Cooper | W-21 |
| German 1-X—Jehne | J-24 |
| Greek 2—Smith | M-10 |
| Home Economics 152—Kirkpatrick | C-23 |
| Mathematics 6-A—Fisher | K-11 |
| Mathematics 12-a—Hodgkins | J-21 |
| Political Science 10-B—Tillema | L-22 |
| Psychology 2-A—Moss | W-10 |
| Public Speaking 1X-A—Roberts | W-33 |
| Public Speaking 4-A—Yeager | W-34 |
| Public Speaking 8—Harding | W-37 |
| Zoology 74—Brown | P-21 |

**11:30 A. M.-1:30 P. M.**

| | |
|---|---|
| Spanish 2-A—Corliss | W-29 |
| Spanish 2-B—Doyle | W-39 |
| Spanish 2-E—Krappe | W-39 |
| Spanish 6-A—Krappe | W-39 |
| Spanish 6-B—Protzman | W-29 |
| Spanish 6-E—Krappe | W-39 |

**2:30-4:30 P. M.**

| | |
|---|---|
| Architecture 1-A—Torraca | E-14 |
| Architecture 142-A—Torraca | E-31 |
| Botany 2-C—Yocum | K-22 |
| Civil Engineering 14-A—Cruickshanks | X-11 |
| Graphic Art 102-A—Baker | J-46 |
| Home Economics 3X-A—Kirkpatrick | C-13 |
| Mathematics 3X-A—Woods | J-21 |
| Psychology 2-C—Moss | W-29 |
| Public Speaking 4-B—Roberts | W-16 |

**5:10-7:10 P. M.**

| | |
|---|---|
| Botany 2-E—Bowman | K-22 |
| Botany 122—Griggs | H-20 |
| Chemistry 166—Knowles | W-31 |
| Civil Engineering 44—Hitchcock | V-10 |
| Civil Engineering 101X-B—French | J-31 |
| Economics 22-C—Kennedy | W-23 |
| Economics 106—Buchanan | L-12 |
| Economics 110-B—Donaldson | W-35 |
| Economics 110-C—Donaldson | W-35 |
| Economics 120-B—Sutton | W-22 |
| Economics 124—Zucker | W-24 |
| Electrical Engineering 140—Ennis | P-10 |
| Geography 8—Resser | P-21 |
| Geology 12—Henderson | J-34 |
| Geology 22—Bassler | W-10 |
| German 10—Hughes | W-32 |
| German 18—Sehrt | J-24 |
| History 154—Churchill | M-10 |
| Home Economics 51-X—Haldeman | C-23 |
| Library Science 122—Severance | J-29 |
| Mathematics 12-C—Hodgkins | K-11 |
| Mathematics 19X-A—Mears | J-21 |
| Mathematics 19X-D—Woolard | L-21 |
| Mathematics 20-B—Johnston | W-27 |
| Mathematics 104—Weida | J-23 |
| Mechanical Engineering 112-B—Cruickshanks | B-21 |
| Philosophy 112—Richardson | W-39 |
| Physics 12-D—Cheney | W-17 |
| Physics 116—Brown | J-14 |
| Political Science 10-D—Johnstone | W-29 |
| Political Science 122—West | W-21 |
| Psychology 26-B—Moss | L-22 |
| Public Speaking 1X-C—Harding | W-16 |
| Public Speaking 104—Yeager | Q-11 |
| Sociology 114—Willard | B-22 |
| Sociology 136—Kern | B-11 |
| Zoology 134—Bartsch | I-22 |
| Zoology 186—Brown | P-20 |

**7:30-9:30 P. M.**

| | |
|---|---|
| Education 144—Bray | W-10 |
| Education 170—Alderman | W-15 |

### TUESDAY, JUNE 7
**9:10-11:10 A. M.**

| *Subject—Instructor* | *Room* |
|---|---|
| Economics 2A-E—Buchanan | W-29 |
| English 2-A—Wilbur | W-10 |
| English 10-B—Bement | L-12 |
| English 92-A—Shepard | W-39 |
| English 142—Baker | L-21 |
| History 140—Kayser | W-35 |
| Home Economics 102—Kirkpatrick | C-11 |
| Latin 106—Smith | M-10 |
| Library Science 102-A—Lathrop | J-29 |
| Political Science 172—Johnstone | W-25 + W-27 |
| Psychology 26-A—Moss | L-22 |

**2:30-4:30 P. M.**

| | |
|---|---|
| Civil Engineering 2—French | J-31 |
| Civil Engineering 101X-A—French | J-31 |
| Home Economics 3X-B—Kirpatrick | C-13 |
| Home Economics 140—Towne | C-21 |

**5:10-7:10 P. M.**

| | |
|---|---|
| Architecture 112—Bibb | B-12 |
| Civil Engineering 42-B—Hitchcock | V-10 |
| Civil Engineering 72-B—French | J-32 |
| Economics 22-B—Kennedy | W-23 |
| Economics 140—Owens | W-21 |
| Economics 160—Rice | K-12 |
| Education 166—Aiton | Q-11 |
| Electrical Engineering 126—Ennis | P-10 |
| English 10-E—Bement | L-22 |
| English 92-B—Shepard | W-39 |
| English 152—Smith | L-12 |
| French 1-X—Protzman | W-24 |
| French 116-C—Deibert | K-21 |
| Library Science 102-B—Lathrop | J-29 |
| Mathematics 3X-B—Johnston | W-22 |
| Mathematics 12-E—Hodgkins | K-11 |
| Mathematics 138—Mears | J-21 |
| Mechanical Engineering 126—Johnson | X-11 |
| Physics 112—Cheney | J-14 |
| Political Science 10H—Tillema | W-27 |
| Psychology 2-E—Moss | W-29 |
| Psychology 142—Loman | B-11 |
| Psychology 192—Hunt | B-22 |
| Public Speaking 152—Brown | W-33 |
| Sociology 156—Gwin | J-23 |
| Sociology 176—Benjamin | W-34 |
| Spanish 116-B—Corliss | W-25 |
| Spanish 130—Jones | B-21 |

**7:30-9:30 P. M.**

| | |
|---|---|
| Architecture 4-B—Kline | E-14 |
| Civil Engineering 14-B—Dutton | X-11 |
| Education 178—Barnhart | W-17 |
| Education 188—Higbie | D-11 |
| English 118—Bement | L-21 |
| Geology 116—Barth | J-34 |
| Graphic Art 102-B—Baker | J-46 |

### WEDNESDAY, JUNE 8
**9:10-11:10 A. M.**

| *Subject—Instructor* | *Room* |
|---|---|
| Botany 2-B—Griggs | K-22 |
| Chemistry 22-A—VanEvera | W-37 |
| Economics 22-A—Owens | W-23 |
| Economics 110-A—Donaldson | K-12 |
| Economics 154—Kennedy | K-11 |
| Education 152—Powers | W-15 |
| Electrical Engineering 10-A—Ames | L-10 |
| English 4-A—Gibbon | L-21 |
| English 140—Baker | L-12 |
| English 176—Bolwell | W-25 |
| French 116-A—Cornwell | K-21 |
| French 128—Thomas | J-24 |
| Physics 12-B—Cheney | W-29 |
| Physics 14-A—Brown | J-14 |
| Political Science 112—Tillema | W-27 |
| Public Speaking 1X-B—Harding | W-33 |
| Public Speaking 5-X—Roberts | W-34 |
| Public Speaking 122—Yeager | W-22 |
| Sociology 148—Kern | W-35 |
| Spanish 116-A—Krappe | W-21 |

**2:30-4:30 P. M.**

| | |
|---|---|
| Chemistry 122-A—VanEvera | W-16 |
| Civil Engineering 72-A—French | J-32 |
| Home Economics 72—Towne | C-21 |
| Latin 26—Smith | M-10 |
| Psychology 102—Hunt | L-22 |

**5:10-7:10 P. M.**

| | |
|---|---|
| Architecture 24—Crandall | E-12 |
| Chemistry 122-B—Van Evera | W-35 |
| Chemistry 192—Mackall | W-37 |
| Spanish 2-C—Deibert | W-39 |
| Spanish 2-D—Corliss | W-29 |
| Spanish 2-F—Lazo | W-33 |
| Spanish 6-C—Corliss | W-29 |
| Spanish 6-D—Protzman | W-39 |
| Spanish 6-F—Corliss | W-33 |

**7:30-9:30 P. M.**

| | |
|---|---|
| Architecture 124-B—Torraca | E-20 |
| Architecture 142-B—Torraca | E-31 |
| Education 146—French | W-15 |
| Education 162—Watkins | W-16 |
| Sociology 168—Street | W-34 |

### THURSDAY, JUNE 9
**9:10-11:10 A. M.**

| *Subject—Instructor* | *Room* |
|---|---|
| Botany 2-G—Bowman | K-22 |
| Chemistry 6-A—McNeil | W-39 |
| Chemistry 42-A—Mackall | W-37 + 34 |
| Civil Engineering 42-A—Hitchcock | V-10 |
| English 162—Shepard | L-12 |
| History 152-A—Churchill | L-22 |
| Latin 24—Smith | M-10 |
| Latin 114—Smith | M-10 |
| Mathematics 19X-B—Mears | W-24 |
| Mathematics 20-C—Taylor | L-10 |
| Mathematics 131-X—Johnston | W-21 |
| Physics 12-A—Cheney | J-14 |
| Political Science 10-F—Johnstone | W-27 |
| Psychology 2-B—Moss | W-29 |
| Spanish 128—Doyle | H-11 |
| Zoology 2-B—Brown | K-12 |

**5:10-7:10 P. M.**

| | |
|---|---|
| Education 120—Dreese | W-17 |
| Education 150—French | M-10 |
| Education 156—Powers | D-21 |
| French 250—Doyle | W-15 |


Paul Pearlman
COLLEGE AND MISCELLANEOUS
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# Columbian College Clinches Intramural Title

## Earns Baseball Title by Triumph Over Pre-Meds, 5-0; Engineers Fall Into Cellar With 9-5 Defeat

### Junior College Must Win Two of Its Remaining Three Games to Hold Second Place; Only One More Week of Play Scheduled

By JOHN BUSICK

The Columbian college baseball team clinched the championship in the Intramural baseball league by defeating the Pre-Meds last Wednesday, 5-0. With only one more week of play in the league and the Columbian nine meeting the Juniors in their final effort, the result can not affect the Columbians standing. The Junior college with three more games to play must win two of these to hold second place, provided the Pre-Meds win in their final clash with the Pharmacists.

In last week's only other contest the Pre-Meds evened up their average by winning over the Engineers, 9-5. This game shoved the builders into undisputed possession of last place below the Pharmacists, whose two games were moved over until next week.

Although out-hit by the Pre-Meds eight to six, the Columbians managed to bunch their hits in the third and fifth rounds while Daniels scattered the losers' bingles over the route. In the first three innings they touched him for six safe blows but after that the Columbian "ace" had the situation well in hand.

Standing of teams in Intramural League:

| Team | W. | L. |
|---|---|---|
| Columbian College | 7 | 0 |
| Junior College | 3 | 2 |
| Pre-Meds | 3 | 4 |
| Pharmacists | 1 | 4 |
| Engineers | 1 | 5 |

Max Jeweler, Pre-Med hurler, is the only pitcher to limit the slugging Columbians to less than ten hits in a game this year. Had his support been of the first water, the Pre-Meds doubtless would have made the game even closer.

**Columbians Score In First**

Opening their half of the first the Columbians pushed over a tally when Zahn walked, went to second as Fenlon did likewise, stole third, and scored on Blackistone's hit to the infield. Two rounds later they scored twice more on Weingartner's triple, singles by Caruso and Zahn and Fenlon's fielder's choice.

The fifth inning saw the league leaders put the game on ice with another pair of runs. Caruso walked, and with a count of two and three, "Otts" Zahn again showed his worth by hitting to left field for two bases which scored Caruso. Zahn stole third again and tallied on Fenlon's Texas league fly to short center.

In the meantime the Pre-Meds were able to hit Daniels safely, but could not supply a scoring punch. Jeweler and Raskowski singled in the first but Max was caught at second and though Raskowski reached third when Albert and Miller were walked, all three were stranded as Daniels struck out Levine.

**Daniels Invincible**

Parrish and Jeweler both hit safely in the next round, but their mates couldn't push them past the middle sack. The fifth and sixth innings were similar. Trilling and Miller got to Daniels for a hit each, but their efforts were wasted. The winner's slab star simply was invincible in the pinches.

At that Max and his men played a very creditable game against the champions and almost lived up to their threats of the past two weeks. Zahn was the only Columbian to get more than one hit. Considering the number of heavy hitters in "Connie" Neitzey's lineup, Jeweler's performance stands out all the more. When such batters as Jay Payne, Johnny Fenlon and Frank Blackistone go hitless, one can be sure that the opposing pitcher is at his best.

| | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Columbians | 1 | 0 | 2 | 0 | 2 | 0 | 0 | —5 |
| Pre-Meds | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | —0 |

**Engineers Lose Again**

Until the last inning on Thursday it looked as if the Engineers would pull out of their slump and win a game. But the Pre-Meds, determined not to suffer two losses in succession, staged a five-run tally and triumphed, 9-5. Hetzel and Noonan, opposing pitchers, were both stingy with their hits. The latter, in winning the game, was hit safely seven times while the Pre-Meds socked Hetzel for ten bingles.

Tommy Baldwin and Hetzel, Engineers' only strong hitters, got two hits each while Trilling, Miller, Albert and Levine each got two for the winners. Bill Noonan's work in the box was good throughout. While letting the Engineers down with seven hits he fanned eight and worked with indifferent support most of the time. Trailing from the start, he never gave up. He gets the major part of the credit in his team's victory.

After the Pre-Meds had scored once in each of the first two rounds, the Engineers chalked up two tallies in the third. Swanson walked, Baldwin singled, and both scored on Hetzel's healthy triple.

**Engineers Lead in Fifth**

In their first half the Pre-Meds went scoreless, but added two more in the fourth. The Engineers gained the lead in the fifth by tallying twice and had this 5-4 advantage in the seventh when the Pre-Meds fell on Hetzel to score five times.

Christianson began this rally with a safe shot to center field and successive hits by Parrish, Trilling, Miller and Albert with Raskowski's walk sandwiched in, accounted for the runs. This savage attack took all the starch from the Builders' shirts and they were helpless before Noonan's slants in their half of the seventh.

Score by innings:

| | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Pre-Meds | 1 | 1 | 0 | 2 | 0 | 0 | 5 | —9 |
| Engineers | 0 | 0 | 2 | 1 | 2 | 0 | 0 | —5 |

**Leading Intramural Batters**

| Player | Team | Ave. |
|---|---|---|
| Zahn | Columbian | .500 |
| Fenlon | Columbian | .500 |
| Payne | Columbian | .500 |
| Albert | Pre-Meds | .500 |
| Miller | Pre-Meds | .461 |
| Blackistone | Columbian | .458 |
| Mulvey | Columbian | .429 |
| Baldwin | Engineers | .429 |
| Hetzel | Engineers | .429 |
| Fisher | Juniors | .417 |
| Mannville | Juniors | .412 |
| Nathanson | Pharmacy | .390 |

## Sport Axe

By GORDON V. POTTER

Collegiate sports of all descriptions, from girls' volley ball to varsity football, have terminated for a few months.

I have endeavored to comment on the various phases of the Colonial sporting world throughout the year in a sagacious, yet interesting manner. Perhaps I have failed in some instances . . . but that is not for me to decide.

Cognizant with a most informing interview that I had with Max Farrington, one morning last week, a brief review of some of my more blatant and perhaps radical comment is fitting.

**First things come first. The University needs a new gymnasium—no doubt about that—just hope and perhaps some day we students will get a NEW gym.**

The same issue in which appeared my first hue and cry for the construction of a new gym, also carried my plea for the establishment of lacrosse as a spring sport for George Washington University.

Max talked to me for five minutes without a break, telling me why George Washington could not, or rather, should not endeavor to obtain a lacross team. (The following hurts my pride—for a newspaper columnist which I am trying to imitate, never is supposed to admit error.) However, there is no alternative.

In the first place a questionnaire was circulated among the students by the Physical Education Department asking if anyone was interested in learning or playing lacrosse. The returns were exactly eleven (11) in number, which rather conclusively indicated the interest of George Washington students in the game of lacrosse.

"Furthermore—" says Max; and then he went into intricacies of financing a lacrosse team. The shoes necessary for the game cost more than football boots, as likewise the helmet. The racquets run from four or five dollars up—and mostly up.

Finally there is no spot suitably located or equipped for practice sessions. I hate to admit it—but I was convinced—are you?

(Continued on Page 4, Col. 4)

## Junior Women Win Tennis Tournament

### Cop Eight Tilts Out of Nine to Take Title; Sophomores Place Second

First place in the women's interclass tennis tournament, one of the features of the annual Spring Sports Week sponsored by the W. A. A., was won by the junior team. The victors fought their way through several closely contested battles as well as the easy matches, and carried away the honors by virtue of winning eight tilts out of nine.

On Monday, May 16, the tournament got off to a flying start with the sophomores beating the freshmen, 2-1, and the juniors defeating the seniors, also 2-1. In the former tilt the best match was played between Dillman and Feiker, the latter wining by 4-6, 6-2, and 6-3. In the junior-senior singles, Kohner beat Chafee 6-4, 6-3, thereby causing the junior team's only loss during the entire tournament.

Tuesday, May 17, the freshmen played the seniors and won by 2-1, while the juniors in turn defeated the freshmen 3-0. Chafee of the junior team defeated Dillman, sophomore, 6-0, 6-0 in the singles.

Freshmen vs. juniors and seniors vs. sophomores were scheduled for Wednesday, May 18. There were many speculations as to the outcome of the impending freshmen-junior contest, since, according to the results of the preceding days, both of these teams were in line for the championship. The result, however, was an overwhelming victory for the upperclassmen with a score of 3-0. In the singles round on the same day, a very close match was played between Feiker and Fishburn, the latter winning 7-5, 4-6, 6-3. The seniors and sophomores also played their final games at this time, the sophomores defeating the seniors 3-0.

**Juniors Win Eight**

The total results of the tournament follow: Juniors, won eight, lost one; sophomores, won five, lost four; fresh-

(Continued on Page 4, Col. 6)

## Phi Sigma Kappa Tops League A; S. A. E. Wins Honors In League B

### Delta Tau Delta Loses 14-10 to Phi Sigs; S. A. E. Trounces Kappa Sigma 15-1; Sigma Mu Sigma and Acacia Win Final Diamond Contests

LEAGUE STANDINGS

| League A | W | L | League B | W | L |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| P. S. K. | 5 | 0 | S. A. E. | 5 | 0 |
| Acacia | 4 | 1 | K. S. | 3 | 1 |
| D. T. D. | 3 | 2 | S. M. S. | 3 | 1 |
| S. X. | 1 | 3 | S. P. E. | 2 | 3 |
| T. U. O. | 1 | 3 | K. A. | 1 | 4 |
| T. D. X. | 0 | 5 | S. N. | 0 | 5 |

NEXT WEEK'S GAME
P. S. K. vs. S. A. E. (Finals).

By JOHN EVERETT

A hard-hitting Phi Sigma Kappa nine out-slugged Delta Tau Delta 14 to 10 for the championship of League A in the Interfraternity Baseball Series last Sunday. A two-inning run rampage netting nine runs put the game on the ice for the Phi Sigs despite a menacing five-run rally in the last frame on the part of the losers.

Sigma Alpha Epsilon defeated Kappa Sigma, 15-1, to give them League B honors due to Sigma Nus default of their previously won championship of that league.

The Delts opened their game with Phi Sig when Woodward flied out to Ligon and McCarver fanned. "Tiny" Keller clouted one of Quarles' shoots for a home run and Johnny Fenlon duplicated this by encircling the sacks on Lyking's error of his long fly. The lead swayed back and forth up to the end of the fifth when the Phi Sigs scored four runs, jumping on Billy Pates, Delt southpaw, for four clean hits, two of which were for extra bases.

Quarles managed to keep the Delts at bay in the next frame while his teammates drove Pates from the hill under a five-run scoring rampage featuring successive safeties by Jackson, Ligon and Lyking. McCarver, his successor in the box showed plenty of speed but walked two runs across. Quarles weakened in the final round allowing five hits for a like number of tallies. With two out and a man on Monroe was rushed to the scene to fan

(Continued on Page 4, Col. 3)

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# Butler, Detweiler Win Final Tennis Doubles

**Champions Defeated Martha Myers and Ted Clarey by Count of 6—2, 6—2.**

Marion Butler and Marion Detwiler carried off top honors in the women's tennis doubles tournament, the finals of which were played May 18 at the 17 and B street courts. In this match the champions defeated Martha Myers and Ted Clarey by a count of 6-2, 6-2.

Although they were outplayed from beginning to end, Myers and Clarey deserve credit for their gallant attempt to keep in play the fast drives and smashes of their opponents. Myers played an excellent game, but Butler's consistent drives to her back-hand proved too much for Myers. The result was that Clarey and Myers were forced to play on the defensive throughout the entire match.

Butler and Detwiler had been seeded number one in the tournament and were in th lower bracket. In the semi-finals they played their usual game of excellent tennis and defeated Katherine Stantion and Jessie Harden, 6-3, 6-0.

The other seeded team in the tournament, that composed of Helen Cafee and Judith Fishburn, was eliminated in the semi-finals by Myers and Clarey. The score for that match was 6-3, 9-7. The last set was closely contested by the excellent playing of Ted Clarey finally decided the tilt.

## Women Archers Participate In Telegraphic Tournament

George Washington's fair archers brought their 1932 season to a successful close during the annual Spring Sports Week, May 16-20, when they participated in the Intercollegiate Telegraphic tournament. A beginners tournament, won by Sophia Crouch with a score of 248, was run off during the same period.

Helen Lambert, shooting in the Intercollegiate tournament, scored 295 points, therby gaining the distinction of high scorer in the George Washington group. Other participants in this contest were Dorothea Adams, Helen Koehne, Alice Compton, Anna Bodony, and Jean Kirkwood.

# Intramurals

By JOHN EVERETT

Intramurals as such, are finally nearing an end—six long weeks after they were begun. The deciding matches in the tennis, golf, and horseshoe tourneys, with awards for winners in each, are long overdue. They have been as a whole, worth the Athletic Department's efforts in trying to corner the student's interest in some intramural due to the lack of a G. W. spring sport.

Interest in intramural tennis has not been as fervent or collective this year as in the past. It is doubtful whether its future drawing power has been aided any by the handling of the present program. Playing conditions and facilities for this popular sport have been anything but favorable. No definite courts for the playing of the matches and a long drawn out tournament dull whatever fervor is shown by the aspiring entrants. Along with the lack of deadlines for scheduled matches comes a retardation of the entire tournament. Better handling could certainly promote a tennis tourney in less than six weeks.

Then—why can't was have more than one tennis court to be a part of our student privileges? Fifteen good tennis courts run on a permit basis with no charge, would quickly solve the problem of where to play. It isn't hard to see the many advantages that could be derived from this investment.

Some likely material for both the varsity golf and tennis combinations is to be found playing in these intramurals. Clyde Smith and Earle Knibiehly, former captains of tennis and golf respectively in their high school, have been given special notice. Smith is finalist in both tennis singles and doubles and is favorite to cop at least one of the honors.

Just take a look at the batting averages and pitching results in that intramural baseball league and then be convinced that a composite team would not have a hard time holding its own with any college nine.

# Freshman Women Win Baseball Title From Sophomores

**Defeat Juniors, Sohps During Spring Sports Week Tournament**

The freshman baseball team, clad in bright blue uniforms, completely outplayed its upperclass opponents, and won first place in the inter-class baseball tournament during the annual Spring Sports week of the Women's Athletic Association. The frosh defeated both the juniors and sophomores by large scores, leaving the older and supposedly more experienced players completely astonished and not a little abashed.

The sophomores met the juniors on the Ellipse May 16, only to be defeated 24-11. The upperclassmen, flaunting briliant red suits, gained a large lead by scoring seven runs in the first inning. Somewhat daunted by this startling beginning, the sophomores made a valiant attempt to score, but succeeded in getting home only twice during the first two periods. The steady pitching of Margaret Blackistone, junior, and the unfailing catch of Edith Grosvenor on first base, kept the green-clad sophs from scoring during the entire fifth inning. The juniors ended the contest in a blaze of glory, scoring five runs in the seventh, making th total score 24-11 in their favor.

The next day, however, the juniors went down to an ignominious defeat before the smooth batting freshmen, with a count of 23-5. The upperclassmen were absolutely helpless before the steady hits of their younger opponents as each one socked the ball straight and fast into left field, until they scored seven runs in the first inning. Changing their hits to right field in the third, the frosh kept on the road to victory and in the fourth period went through the junior defense for ten points. The upperclassmen fought hard but could not penetrate the smooth working combination of their opponents. Gretchen Feiker, pitching for the freshmen, was particularly outstanding for her excellent baseball in this contest.

**Freshmen Win Final**

The final game of the tournament on May 19, between the sophomores and freshmen was much too one-sided to be interesting. Not even scoring until the fourth inning, the sophs were completely outplayed, and the freshmen had little trouble in piling up a score of 21 to the sophomores' 3.

Florence Hedges, manager of baseball, directed the tournament. The teams were captained by Gretchen Feiker, freshman; Janet Young, sophomore; and Grace Haley, junior. Interest in this sport has been so great this season that it has received the designation of a major sport. Members of the freshman squad will receive their class numerals at the Spring W. A. A. banquet next Thursday, while the outstanding players in the tournament will be awarded major or minor letters.

## *Phi Sigma Kappa Victorious S.A.E. Also Triumphant in Greek Diamond Semi-finals*

(*Continued from Preceding Page*)

Delk for the last out and the victory.

Score by innings:

| | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| D. T. D. | 2 | 1 | 0 | 2 | 0 | 0 | 5 | — | 10 |
| P. S. K. | 0 | 2 | 3 | 0 | 4 | 5 | x | — | 14 |

Batteries: D. T. D.—Pates, McCarver and Keller; P. S. K.—Quarles, Monroe and Stehman.

**S. A. E. Takes Kappa Sigs**

S. A. E. had little trouble with a revamped Kappa Sigma team and won as they pleased, 15-1, behind good impromptu hurling on Johnny Shiery's part. The winners scored in every frame, while the 19 streeters did their part in the opening inning. Gene Thuney started on the mound for the losers but gave way to Mal McGregor after absorbing his share of the beating. As well as pitching well, Sheiry garnered four hits to score three runs.

Score by innings:

| | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| S. A. E. | 2 | 3 | 1 | 2 | 4 | 0 | 3 | — | 15 |
| K. S. | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | — | 1 |

Batteries: S. A. E.—Sheiry and Burgess; K. S.—Thuney, McGregor and Preston and Baldwin.

**Sigma Mu Sigma Wins Two**

The energetic Sigma Mu Sigmas conquered two fellow cellarites last week end when Kappa Alpha was vanquished, 15-5 on Saturday, and S. P. E. 18-6 on the Sabbath. In the former contest, the K. A.'s were unable to solve Hoffman's shoots for any gain while the combined efforts of Bannerman, Blackmar and Boggs, were anything but puzzling. The S. P. E. tilt was not much different except that the S. P. E.'s were easier prey for the winners than was the hapless K. A. nine. Chamberlain and Jackson led the Sigma Mu attack, each connecting for homers in the fourth inning splurge that gained 10 runs.

Score by innings:

| | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| S. M. S. | 3 | 4 | 0 | 6 | 2 | — | 15 | | |
| K. A. | 0 | 1 | 2 | 0 | 2 | — | 5 | | |

Batteries: S. M. S.—Harrill, Hoffman and Hutchison; K. A.—Bannerman, Blackmar, Boggs and Potter.

| | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| S. M. S. | 3 | 0 | 4 | 10 | 1 | 0 | — | 18 | |
| S. P. E. | 1 | 2 | 1 | 0 | 2 | 0 | — | 6 | |

Batteries: S. M. S.—Harrill, Hoffman and Edwards. S. P. E.—Link, Thomas and Sompayrac.

Acacia dumped the Theta Delts lower in the cellar position by administering a 7-1 lacing behind Bill Helvestine's air-tight hurling. An overthrow of third base allowed the losers to score their lone tally off Helvestine, who did not allow any other runners to advance to the third sack while striking out 13 aliens. Elsberry tripled in the fourth for the longest clout of the game.

Score by innings:

| | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Acacia | 2 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 2 | 1 | — | 7 |
| T. D. X. | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | — | 1 |

Batteries: Acacia — Helvestine and Walker. T. D. X.—Fahrner and Backus.

# "Intramural Events Should Be Settled By May 28"—Sexton

Intramural tournaments in golf, tennis, and horseshoes are still not completed. Winners in all events must be determined by May 28, according to Jean Sexton, or awards for those unfinished will be withehld.

Kolb has gained the final round of links competition by default, and will face the victor of a match between McKee and McPherson for the title.

Net matches played last week have produced three semi-finalists in singles, Smith, Baldwin, and Eugenio. Smith conquered Barbers in a stiff baltlle, 7-5, 6-2; Baldwin overcame Gerber, 6-2, 6-4; and Eugenio disposed of Vettor 6-1, 6-3. A quarter-final encounter between Thuney and Jones remains on the schedule. Smith-Simon whitewashed the team of Bennett-Stanton, 6-0, 6-0; to reach the last round in doubles. They will meet Jones-Baldwin for the championship.

Hickman pitched his way to the title round of the horseshoe tourney by defeating Jeweler, and will now match ringers for the trophy with either Albert or Thuney, slated to engage in a semi-final contest.

# *Sport Axe*

(*Continued from Preceding Page*)

**Some time ago I ventured forth into print with a suggestion that seemed to me, at the time, at bit radical, but, no, it has been met with great favor by the Athletic Department.**

**A GEORGE WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY TRACK TEAM!-!**

**I merely thought the idea was passably good, but Max went into ecstacies of enthusiasm. Think of the number of men that it would affect in the University, with a track squad of approximately fifty men. This would draw at least a hundred or more men for the tryouts during the fall and spring. It would enable certain students of athletic ability of a general type to compete in intercollegiate sport and best of all it would nearly accomplish the purpose of true amateur athletics—that of affording to every student who wishes it true athletic competition.**

**As a matter of mere information —a stadium would be most desirable!**

Rummage through your desk and find The Hatchet in which is published the 1932 football schedule, read it, and then think a bit. A banquet of magnitude comparable with that dinner which was staged two years ago would be a fitting tribute to the Colonial gridders who will (we hope) weather this campaign. That's not all, as this stupendous affair, which is really going to be held next spring, will be the occasion for the awarding of all athletic trophies and letters.

The plan this year is to work through the Alumni Association and sell tickets at so much per plate to alumni and students, thus giving the banquet to the athletes instead of being forced to take the money from the budget of the Athletic Department.

More about this "feast" of brilliance next autumn.

**Must have a bit of vituperation expressed before I go on my vacation.**

**The intramural sports program was handled in a sorry manner this year. It seems a pity that just as this program of sports, for the average student, was reaching a point where it could be termed a success, that poor management would have to drag it down.**

# Varsity Team Ends Tennis Season With Two Court Victories

**Colonials Take Temple, St. John's, but Drop Matches to Hopkins and Pittsburgh**

By ROBERT P. HERZOG

Completing their eight-match series, the George Washington netmen came through with a five hundred average after defeating Temple University and St. Johns College in two of the four matches played last week.

The University of Pittsburgh proved to be the easy masters of the Hatchetite squad and experienced little difficulty in repulsing them to the tune of 7-2. The Johns Hopkins' men were not quite so powerful and were forced to take as their lot a 6-3 victory.

On Wednesday the team journeyed to Hopkins and played on the Jay's courts in Homewood, Maryland. Then on Thursday the squad was the guest of St. Johns College in Annapolis, the matches were divided, some being played on the Johnnies' courts and the others on the Midshipmen's courts at the Naval Academy. Temple University and Pittsburgh were the guests of the squad and played at the Columbia Country Club.

One of the interesting points of the four-match series was the return to Washington of Billy Jacobs, former regional tennis champion, playing with Pittsburgh as the number one man. The startling play of Randy Robinson in the number three position, who has taken only two defeats in eight matches, was again demonstrated.

Harry Goldsmith and Ivan Edwards, playing the number one doubles, split even in the series and go down in college tennis history as a first rank doubles combination. Laurence and Raphael Sherfy, who have played alternately in the singles have produced another incomparable doubles combination and defeated doubles combinations from St. Johns, Pittsburgh, and Temple to maintain an average of .750. In the third doubles team considerable shifting was done. Robinson has played all the matches and Raymond Gable, DeWitt Bennett, and C. S. Lee have been his teammates.

Summary of the Johns Hopkins match:

Singles—Goldberg (JHU) defeated Goldsmith 6-3, 3-6, 6-2; Helmholtz (JHU) defeated Edwards 6-3, 3-6, 7-5; Robinson (GWU) defeated Palitz 6-1, 8-6; Brooke (JHU) defeated Lee 6-3, 7-5; Siverd (JHU) defeated L. Sherfy 6-1, 6-1; R. Sherfy (GWU) defeated Dietz 6-4, 3-6, 8-6.

Doubles—Edwards-Goldsmith defeated Palitz-Helmholtz 4-6, 9-7, 6-4; Brooke-Goldberg defeated Sherfy-Sherfy 4-6, 6-4, 6-0; Dietz-Siverd defeated Robinson-Bennett 4-6, 6-4, 6-0.

The Final Score: Johns Hopkins—6; George Washington—3.

Summary of the Temple University match:

Singles—Goldsmith (GW) defeated Cohen 1-6, 7-5, 62; Edwards (GW) defeated Silverstein 6-3, 6-2; Robinson (GW) defeated Fahrer 6-2, 6-4; Lee (GW) defeated Moore 6-4, 0-6, 6-3; R. Sherfy (GW) defeated Katzer 6-2, 6-4; Gable (GW) defeated Friedman 6-1, 6-4.

Doubles—Cohen and Fahrer (T) defeated Goldsmith and Edwards 6-4, 2-6, 6-2; L. Sherfy and R. Sherfy (GW) defeated Silverstein and Moore 6-1, 6-3; Robinson and Bennett (GW) defeated Friedman and Katzer 6-2, 6-3.

Final Score: George Washington—8; Temple—1.

Summary of St. Johns College Match:

Singles—Blaul (SJ) defeated Robinson 6-4, 1-6, 6-4; Goldsmith (GW) defeated Woodman 6-2, 6-1; Edwards (GW) defeated Hofmerister 6-3, 6-4; Lee (GW) defeated Hillegis 6-0, 6-1; L. Sherfy defeated Kent 13-11, 6-2; Gable (GW) defeated Reed 6-2, 8-6.

Doubles—Edwards-Goldsmith defeated Glaus-Hofmeister 6-3, 8-6; L. and R. Sherfy defeated Woodman-Reed 6-4, 6-3; Robinson-Lee defeated Kantor-White 6-3, 6-1.

Final Score: George Washington—8; St. Johns—1.

Summary of The Pittsburgh University match:

Singles—Jacobs (P) defeated Goldsmith 6-3, 6-3; Edwards (GW) defeated O'laughlin 5-7, 6-3, 10-8; Ganger (P) defeated Robinson 6-4, 6-1; Alcorn (P) defeated R. Sherfy 6-1, 6-4; Goodman (P) defeated L. Sherfey 6-2, 6-1; Wald (P) defeated Lee 6-1, 6-2.

Doubles—Jacobs-Ganger defeated Goldsmith-Edwards 6-3, 6-3; L. and R. Sherfy defeated O'laughlin-Alcorn 1-6, 6-3, 6-4; Goodman-Wald defeated Robinson-Gable 6-4, 6-1.

Final Score: Pittsburgh—7; George Washington—2.

## Professors in Semi-Finals Of Horseshoe Tournament

The profs have reached the semi-final round in their horseshoe tournament with only three matches to be played off before the winner is known.

Mr. Charles E. Merry and Dr. John A. Tillema meet to decide who will enter the finals with the winner of the Van Evera-Buchanen tilt. All four faculty members have advanced to this stage of the ringer tourney due to victories over less capable barnyard experts.

## *Third Year Women Victors In Racquet Tournament*

(*Continued from Preceding Page*)

men, won three, lost six; seniors, won two, lost seven.

This tournament was under the direction of Mary Louise Braselton, manager of tennis. The class teams were captained by Virginia Dillman, sophomore; Katherine Wassman, junior; Virginia Sheffield, senior; and Katherine Cummings, freshmen.

Great interest has been shown this season in tennis, which has just been made a major sport by the W. A. A. The girls to receive major and minor letters in this sport will be chosen from these tournament participants, while members of the winning junior squad are eligible for class numerals. There is a decided contrast between this tournament, in which four full class teams participated, and the one last fall in which only the juniors and sophomores entered teams. The junior team was victorious in the fall tournament also.

## Physical Education Majors Eligible to Rho Epsilon Mu

Qualifications for membership in Rho Epsilon Mu, physical education major club, were changed at the meeting Thursday, May 19, making all physical education majors eligible.

The first general meeting under the new regulations will be held May 25 at 7 o'clock in building R.


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# SOCIETY

And so, another school year comes to a close! It is difficult to understand why they go by so quickly if only we review the innumerable events which serve to pass the time away.

*Kappa Kappa Gamma Entertains Sorority Presidents at Luncheon*

Kappa Kappa Gamma gave a luncheon at the Shoreham Hotel on Saturday for the presidents of the women's fraternities on the campus.

The History Club held a banquet at the Kennedy-Warren Hotel on Saturday evening at seven o'clock. A Bicentennial program was enjoyed.

Chi Omega announces the engagement of Ermyntrude Vaiden to Robert Stearns, Sigma Nu, on May 22.

*Coeds Spend Week End at Cornell and Attend Junior Prom*

Betty Rose and Monta Ruediger spent the week end at Cornell University, where they attended the Junior Prom.

Marion Huse spent the week end at Annapolis, where she attended the Officer's Hop for the First Class.

Roberta Lankford and Helen Nelson attended the Phi Delta Theta spring formal, at the University of Maryland, on Friday night.

*Kappa Alpha Gives Spring Formal at Kenwood Country Club*

Kappa Alpha gave their spring formal at Kenwood Country Club on Tuesday, May 17. Music was furnished by Dagmoir.

Kappa Kappa Gamma held its spring formal at Columbia Country Club on Friday, May 20.

The staff of the Physical Education Department for Women entertained the old and new boards of the Women's Athletic Association at a supper party at Talley-Ho, Wednesday, May 18.

Helen and Jeane Mitchell spent the week end at West Point, where they attended the hop Saturday evening.

Delta Pi chapter of Sigma Nu gave an informal dance at the house on Tuesday, May 17.

*Women's Intramural Board Gives Luncheon for Participants at Talley-Ho*

The Women's Intramural Board is entertaining at luncheon at the Talley-Ho, May 24. All women having participated in the intramural activities during the past year are guests of the Board.

Professor and Mrs. Merle Irving Protzman were guests at dinner in the Phi Mu rooms, Monday, May 16.

Dorothy and James Douglass attended the National Capital Horse Show at Bradley Farms, on Sunday.

The Women's Athletic Association will give its annual spring banquet at the Lafayette Hotel on Thursday evening, May 26. A most interesting program is being planned by Edith Grosvenor, chairman of all arrangements, while Helen Swick who is in charge of decorations promises a surprise in the way of favors and table arrangements.

*Orchesis Plans Farewell Breakfast For Senior Members, June 10.*

Orchesis will give a farewell breakfast for its senior members at the Iron Gate Inn, Friday morning, June 10.

The active and alumnae chapters of Zeta Tau Alpha held their final monthly tea, Sunday, at the home of Beatrice Clephane.

Adele Apfel and Harriet Doktor spent the week end in New York.

The Phi Delts held their spring formal on Saturday night, at the Grace Dodge Hotel. The Silver Crescents furnished the music.

A tea was given by the Minerva Club on Sunday, from 4 to 6 at the S. A. E. House.

*Dagmoir Furnishes Music for Sigma Phi Epsilon Dance*

Sigma Phi Epsilon gave a dance at the house on Wednesday, May 18. Dagmoir furnished the music.

The Menorah society held elections of officers on May 16. Those chosen to fill office for the coming year are: Leon Betensky, president; Charlotte Dubin, vice-president; and Leah Metropole, secretary-treasurer.

The Colonial Campus Club recently elected officers for the coming year. They are; Helen Swick, president; Anna Margaret Bodony, vice-president; Katherine Wassman, treasurer; and Platonia Papps, secretary.

Mrs. William Cullen French has returned from visiting her daughter, Helen, who is a Phi Mu at the University of Tennessee in Knoxville. At that time Professor and Mrs. French announced Helen's marriage to Mr. Charles Walsh who is also a student there.

*Professor and Mrs. Paul Bowman Give "At Home," Sunday*

Professor and Mrs. Paul Bowman held an "At Home," Sunday, May 22, in Clarendon, Virginia.

Ellen Painter Hancock, Zeta Tau Alpha, drove down from Long Island to spend the week end with Dorothy Richtmeyer at her home in Fort Humphrey, Virginia.

Sigma Kappa gave a shower for Pat May in the chapter room, on Wednesday evening, May 18.

Alpha Epsilon Phi announces election of the following officers: Helen Nordlinger, dean; Adele Apfel, subdean; Sylvia Edlavitch, treasurer; and Rowena Chaffetz, scribe.

*Hatchet and Cherry Tree Boards Enjoy Dinner Dance at the Shoreham*

At the publications' dinner dance, the boards and sub-editorial boards of The Hatchet and the Cherry Tree were entertained at the Shoreham Wednesday, May 18. Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Bement were the guests of honor.

Chi Omega announces the formal pledging of Katherine Chipman and Gretchen Feiker on Wednesday, May 19.

*Friars Give Second Annual Banquet at Shoreham*

The Friars gave their second annual banquet, which was followed by the installation of the new officers, at the Shoreham, Wednesday, May 18. Those who will hold office for the coming year are Charles Ferry, president J. Edward Folger, vice-president; Bernard Ives, recording secretary; Robert Austin, corresponding secretary; and Paul Finegan, treasurer.

## Officers of Education Club Feted at Dinner

**Dr. Frederick J. Kelly Speaks About Teachers' Responsibilities**

The first annual banquet of the Women's Education Club, to which the Men's Education Club was also invited, was given Saturday evening at the Grace Dodge Hotel in honor of the new officers, Mildred Green, president, Hazel Cragen, vice-president, Bertha Merdian, treasurer, and Margaret Richards, secretary, who were installed at the banquet.

Dr. Frederick J. Kelly, chief of the department of higher education in the Bureau of Education, was the guest speaker, outlining in his talk the previleges and responsibilities of those who enter the teaching profession.

The program, included a pantomine take-off on well-known members of the club and several musical selections.

The guests included Provost and Mrs. William Allen Wilbur, Dr. and Mrs. J. Orin Powers, and Miss Anna D. Halbeig, an honorary member.

## Le Cercle Francais To Conduct Initiation

**New Members to Be Addressed in French at Buffet Supper**

Le Cercle Francais Universitaire will conduct an initiation ceremony on Sunday, May 29, at 6:30 p. m., in the Pi Phi rooms at which time the students pledged during this semester will be inducted into membership. The new group will be entertained at a buffet supper immediately following the initiation and a guest speaker will address the Club in French.

The students honored include Myrta Williams, Betty Jane Cox, Lois Grey, Frederick Joss, Esther Pick, Clifford Stearns, Audrey Richards, Corrine Lockwood, Priscilla Evans, Catherine Everett, John De Porry, Charles Bell, Lucille Broadwater, Alberta Smith, Lilliam Willin, Frances Crawford, John Hill and Bernadine Scherer.

## Home Economics Fraternity Entertains at Garden Tea

Alpha Pi Epsilon, honorary Home Economics fraternity for women at George Washington University, gave a tea in the garden back of building C, Sunday, May 22, from 4:30 to 6:30.

## Closing Dinner Is Planned By Art Appreciation Club

A dinner of the Arts Club, 2017 Eye Street N. W., Wednesday, May 25, at 7 p. m. will close the year's activities for the Art Appreciation Club.

## WHO'S WHO ON THE CAMPUS



WENDELL H. BAIN

A record of the undergraduate extra-curricular activities of Wendell Bain reads like a dream, for it is only in a dream that the average person could imagine all of Wendell's honors.

That he is deserving of them is indicated by the high esteem in which he is held by faculty and students alike and by the degree of intelligence and business acumen which has characterized all of his accomplishments.

Devoting most of his extra-curricular efforts to the Cherry Tree, University annual, Bain has risen from Photography Editor of the yearbook in 1930 and Advertising Manager in 1931 to Business Manager in 1932, meanwhile holding various other positions on the business and editorial staffs. Last week he was re-elected Business Manager for 1933 by the retiring board.

The result of his industry on the Cherry Tree has lead to Bain's election to Omicron Delta Kappa, honorary activities fraternity; Pi Delta Epsilon, honorary journalistic fraternity, and Gate and Key, honorary interfraternity society.

He is in addition a member of Theta Upsilon Omega social fraternity and has recently completed his term as president of the local chapter for the past year. Bain's remaining fraternal affiliation has been with Delta Phi Epsilon, professional foreign service fraternity.

Journalistic activity also won him the presidency of the District of Columbia Press Conference, an office which he has held during the past year.

But all his honors remain untold.

Recent elections to the Interfraternity Council resulted in the naming of Wendell Bain as his social fraternity's delegate, and the members of the Council recognized both his business ability and his social position in the University by electing him social chairman of the organization, which sponsors as its main event of the year the annual Interfraternity Prom.

Bain's is truly a praiseworthy record. He has acquired many of the honors open in extra-curricular activity. But his career in the George Washington University is not yet ended, and the next year may well make his present record small in comparison.

## Hyattsville Graduating Group Will Hear President Marvin

President Cloyd Heck Marvin will deliver the principal address at the graduation exercises of the Hyattsville High School, it was announced last week. The exercises will be held the evening of June 17.


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**Notice**

All Crew Members, Supervisors, Team Captains and Student subscription salespeople who wish to avail themselves of the opportunity for free scholarships made possible through the courtesy of the Leading Magazine Publisher's again this year are requested to apply to the national organizer, M. Anthony Steele, Jr., Box 343, San Juan, Porto Rico, stating qualifications fully. (Adv.)

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| Palmolive Users | Colgate Users |
|---|---|
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## CONTEST RULES

MAIL your "blurb" with name and address to Contest Editors, Dept. CN-83, P. O. Box 1133, Chicago, Illinois.

The prize money (totaling $25,000) is divided into six sets of monthly prizes (each set totaling $4200). At the end of each month prizes are awarded (see list at right) for the best "blurbs" received during that month, as follows:

Feb. 29, $4200 Mar. 31, $4200
April 30, $4200 May 31, $4200
June 30, $4200 July 31, $4200

*(Contest closes July 31, 1932)*

Contest is open only to residents of the United States and Canada. Employes of the manufacturers and their families are *not* eligible to compete.

In event of a tie, each tying contestant will be awarded full amount of the prize tied for. Decision of the judges shall be final. All contributions shall become the property of the manufacturers, to be used in any way desired.

*Some hints to help you win*

Here are some facts about the world's two largest-selling shaving creams—Colgate's and Palmolive. Here are some of the reasons why men prefer these famous shaving creams.

PALMOLIVE
1. Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
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3. Maintains its creamy fullness for 10 minutes.
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1. Breaks up oil film that covers each hair.
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3. Gives a close, skin-line shave due to small bubble action.
4. Gives a lasting, 24-hour shave.

*Here are the prizes for each month—464 in all!*

| For Best Colgate "blurbs" | | For Best Palmolive "blurbs" | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1st | $500 | 1st | $500 |
| 2nd | 125 | 2nd | 125 |
| 3rd | 50 | 3rd | 50 |
| 9 next | 25 | 9 next | 25 |
| 20 next | 10 | 20 next | 10 |
| 200 next | 5 | 200 next | 5 |

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I promise to pay to the order of the District National Bank, Washington, D. C., as Trustee for The George Washington University Graduate Endowment Fund, the sum of One Hundred Dollars in the manner following:

| Date | Amo'nt | Date Paid | Date | Amo'nt | Date Paid |
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| June 1, 1934 | $10.00 | | June 1, 1939 | $10.00 | |
| June 1, 1935 | $10.00 | | June 1, 1940 | $10.00 | |
| June 1, 1936 | $10.00 | | June 1, 1941 | $10.00 | |
| June 1, 1937 | $10.00 | | June 1, 1942 | $10.00 | |

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Payment of all or any number of installments of this note may be made at any time before maturity at the option of the maker.

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### *Dr. Notz To Speak At Pi Gamma Mu Initiation Banquet*

(*Continued from Page* 1)

Verna C. Mohagen, Martha Moon, Marion I. Schlesinger, Otto Scoenfelder, Verna M. Schult, Clifford R. Stearns, Kennedy C. Watkins, and Carroll W. Hughes.

The program for the banquet includes, in addition to the address of Dr. Notz, who is Lieutenant Governor of the District of Columbia Province of Pi Gamma Mu, a talk by Dr. John Donaldson, Governor of the Province, and a brief formal initiation.

Pi Gamma Mu, a national honor society with over 100 chapters, exists to reward and encourage student and alumni efforts in the fields of history, political science, economics and sociology. It is represented by three chapters in Washington, at American, Catholic and George Washington Universities. A fourth chapter is in process of organization at Georgetown University.

**The Same SUCCESS to You**

May those whose generous response to our efforts since the opening of the Cafeteria in January experience the same success in their work of the semester as we have in ours.

To those who have not yet made our acquaintance may we suggest that a Jenner's Lunch is an appropriate fortification on examination days.

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### *Hubbard Heads Movie Cruise To American Pirate Haunts*

(*Continued from Page* 1)

being entirely innocent of auxiliary power.

**Captain Experienced**

Captain F. E. Garfield will guide the ship through the islands on the six thousand mile cruise. He has been thirty years at the business of sailing cargoes and men "down to the sea."

Equipment at the disposal of the expedition is varied. It includes a light seaplane with which the flying members of the staff will sail through an entirely different element over green seas and greener jungles. A battery of 35mm cameras will grind out 20,000 feet of film on the cruise. The University of Michigan is providing all the paraphenalia dear to the hearts of botanists, biologists and entomolgists and is sending a representative who hopes to obtain valuable specimens from the little-visited islands. The expedition will also have an 8,000-mile-range radio transmitter.

Buccaneers, however, will have the center of the stage. According to Hubbard the strongholds and bivouacs of the Spanish Main have lain neglected and forgotten for centuries, and there has never been a concerted attempt to tear apart the jungles to find the castles of Teach, Morgan, Bonnet, Bluebeard, Kidd, Sharp, Ringrose, and L'Ollamais, to name a few.

**To Film Terror Scenes**

Down there where the sun is whipping heat waves from the palms, this crew of gentleman rovers will re-enact the scenes which struck terror to the hearts of the world only a few hundred years ago—with the difference that this time it will be for the benefit of the fun and the flickering ribbon of celluloid.

In their spare time, if they have any, they will scale the heights of belching volcanoes, hunt in the thick jungles, shoot flying fish on the wing, and collect whatever one collects for exhibit in the museums.

One hundred days has been set as the duration of the cruise. During that time, the C. M. P. E. will touch in the order named, Ft. De France, Martinique; Prince Rupert, Dominica; Basse Terre, Guadeloupe; Charlestowne, Nevis; Montserrat; St. Croix; St. Thomas; Dewey, de Vieques; Vieques Sound; Ponce, Porto Rico; Santo Domingo, Haiti; Kingston, Jamacia; I. de la Gonave; Tortuga I.; Cape Haitian; the Bahamas; returning to Baltimore by September 25.

**Prominent Scientists on Ship**

The expedition has been wholly financed and guided by Hubbard and Philip W. Browning, Michigan aviator and writer. They now have on their staff James S. Free, writer, who graduated in 1929 from the University of Alabama; C. W. Mead, Michigan architect; John J. White, set designer, and Charles Schmidt, writer. Their chief photographer is Proctor W. Nichols, manager of the Mountain States Air Photo Service, and their photo lab expert is Edward Groth, formerly of Eastman. Don Diegel, transport pilot, will aid Browning with the flying.

Their New York agent for this summer will be Samuel Fales of Postal Telegraph who is associated with the Carnegie Institute.

Still photography and writing articles for travel magazines which have accepted their material in the past is expected to fill out the crammed program of the two directors.

The motion pictures will be made for release with Fox Movietone News and with the Fox division of short subjects. Scenarios will be written on the spot in accordance with the legends of the particular island and after a thorough research through the ship's library which is to include many authoritive books on pirates.

### *Seniors Requested To Make Pledges To Graduate Fund*

(*Continued from Page* 1)

time for the graduates, through this medium, to accomplish great things for the University. Under the by-laws the Fund may be expended for the erection of new buildings, acquisition of new sites, maintenance of buildings and equipment, or purchase of library, laboratory and classroom equipment. The principal may not, however, be reduced to a sum less than $50,000.

The Board of Administrators stress the fact that contributions are purely voluntary in nature. The total of the pledge has been fixed, and its payment distributed, in such a manner that every senior may assume the responsibility of a pledge without undue financial burden.

Graduate Endowment Fund Committees in the various schools, as announced by the senior presidents, are as follows:

The Graduate Endowment Fund committees in each school are as follows:

Columbia College—Jean Fugitt, chairman; Malcolm Taylor, Mary Weaver, Louise Berryman, William Hanback, Margaret Canover, Geoffrey Creyke, jr., Grace Dutton, Merton English, Florence Jacobs, Robert Parsons, Francis Tompkins, Arline Spencer, Herbert Angel, Arthur Beech, Alice Graham, Mary Kreider, Emily Mitchell, Howard Payne and George Roth.

Law School—Charles H. Jackson, jr., chairman; Frank Langford, Lillian Dutton, William Wise.

School of Medicine—John Kennedy, chairman; Robert Boswell- Albert Chace, Harry Schiffer, Bailey Nelson.

School of Engineering—Woodward Moore, chairman; Firman P. Lyle, Sidney B. Lyon, Chester G. Thom, Albert R. Purchase.

School of Education—Florence Marks, chairman; Eva Payne, Miriam Herndon, Charles Berto, Katherine McCallum, Gladys Wright, Catherine White, Mary Maciulla.

School of Pharmacy—Gabriel Sosa, chairman.

School of Government—Mildred Burnham, chairman; Leo David, Evelyn Eller, Robert Maurer.

Division of Fine Arts—Miriam Moss, chairman.

Division of Library Science—Margaret Evans, chairman; Eleanor Branson, Francis Finch, Olive Kephart.

### *Brookhart Elected President Of Hour Glass at Banquet*

(*Continued from Page* 1)

Harrington, Louise James, Ruth Molyneaux, Pauline Schaub and Kathleen Watkins were initiated at the banquet. Other guests included officers and members of the Hour Glass alumni association; members of the Mortar Board, national honorary activities society, and the retiring Student Council of the University.

Hour Glass is an organization formed to promote interest in extracurricular activities by recognition of women prominent in this field. Outstanding ability and fulfilment of scholastic requirements are the criteria for the selection of membership.

### *Glee Clubs Give Program, Dance at Willard Tonight*

(*Continued from Page* 1)

and "Alma Mater" by Roth-Flemming.

**Combined Clubs to Sing**

The final group of the concert program will consist of "The Crusader's Hymn" by Christianssen, "Goin' Home" by Dvorak, "Czech-Slovakian Folk Song," and "Kamenoi Ostrow," by Rubinstein, all to be sung by the combined glee clubs.

A feature of the concert will be the use of the same parabolic reflector to be used by the orchestra at the dance following. The use of this reflector will measurably improve the acoustical qualities of the ballroom.

During the dance intermission two features are planned. One will be the singing of last year's Fox Theater program to the accompaniment of Leon Brusiloff's orchestra, the same one which accompanied them at the Fox, and the other feature will be the singing of one of the numbers of the glee club repertoire of 1925 by the Men's Glee Club of that year.

The Fox Theater program included "Pilgrim's Chorus" by Wagner, Brahm's Lullaby, and "Ol' Man River" by Kern. All of these numbers will be sung by the Men's Glee Club.

### *Political Turmoil Marks Elections By New Council*

(*Continued from Page* 1)

Council remained to be filled, and the other organization member of the alleged "majority coalition," Pi Beta Phi, is said to have believed itself entitled to this post. Unfortunately, one of the women delegates from the Junior College had walked out on the proceedings by this time and the required constitutional quorum for elections no longer existed, thereby preventing any action.

**To Elect Treasurer**

President Billings stated on Sunday that the Council would meet this Thursday night and attempt to elect a treasurer. A poll of almost half the Council members by The Hatchet revealed a consensus of opinion favoring the election of a treasurer at that time in an effort to overcome all internal conflict before the Council begins its real duties next fall. There is indication, however, that the attempt to hold such an election will be opposed.

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"THE BIG SHOT," Saturday. Eddie Quillan, Maureen O'Sullivan. The Big Shot will give you the time of your life. Stocks and Blondes are his specialty. Also "Detective Lloyd."

"TWO KINDS OF WOMEN," Sunday, Monday. Miriam Hopkins, Phillips Holmes, Wyne Gibson, Stuart Erwin.

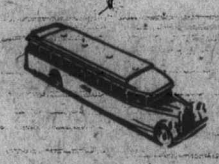
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The University Hatchet

Monthly Literary Review

VOL. 28, NO. 33 MAY 24, 1932 SECTION 2

# The God Smiles

By L. RON HUBBARD

*The God Smiles* is the prize-winning play in the one-act play contest sponsored by the REVIEW.

The staff wishes to express its gratitude to Mr. Baker and Mr. Shepard of the English Department and to Miss Brown of the Public Speaking Department who acted as judges; likewise to Paul Pearlman who kindly donated a book to be given to the winner of the contest.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

DIMI: A White Russian girl, a cafe hostess.
ALEX KONRAD: Late officer of Chang-tso Liang. Also a White Russian.
TAING: Tyrannical provost marshal of Tsingtau for the new Kuomingtang Regime.
TING-KAI: Head of the Tsingtau district and warlord.
WU: Manager of the Wai Cafe.
SCENE: A blizzarding night in Tsingtau, China; the private dining room of the Wai Cafe.

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The Northwind is tugging at the windows of the private dining room. Three doors lead into the room; one on the extreme left to the main cafe, one at the back left of the stage which conceals the back stairway, and a closet. At the right of the scene, two tall windows are flanked by full-length curtains which drag on the floor, stirred by the window. Three candles stand on the table, flickering.

As the curtain rises, Dimi is seated at the table smoking a cigarette and gazing at a locket which hangs from her neck. She is dressed in the high-necked, embroidered costume of the sing-song girl.

Dimi is startled by a knock on the door. She tries to hide the locket, but before it can be restored, Mr. Wu throws the door open and walks into the room. He is excited.

WU: Dimi! Comrade Taing of the Council for order will be here in . . . . (gruffly) What is that in your hand? (Breaks the chain of the locket as he snatches it. Gazes at the picture) How the Russian becomes fascinated by the amulet of death. Little caring whose head she invites to the executioners basket. You spawn of pigs! Where did you get this picture of Alexeyitch Konrad?

DIMI: (Who has thrown down her cigarette, stands) Perhaps the Comrade Taing forgets the minor decencies associated with gentlemen. Because I entertain your fine guests, feed them wine and smooth their ears with honey so that you can escape the tribute to the Kuomingtang, is little cause for your obvious ownership. The locket please. (Holds out her hand)—

WU: (Placing the locket in the palm) But Dimi, my heart. (whining) What would I do if these fools should rid you of that beautiful head. Am I not good to you? Do I not suffer for you, plead for you? What would I do if you were taken away?

DIMI: Pay your tribute, I presume. You were about to remark on Comrade Taing.

WU: Yes, yes. But my heart, my lily, please let me destroy that locket. It is death. Perhaps even for me. Please allow me to carry it away from your throat. Even now they are plodding through drifts and fighting back the cold to find him. Even to utter the name is flowing life. Today alone, more than two hundred heads dangled freshly hewn against the wind. Every telephone pole by the market is decorated to its fill. The executioner possesses arms of tireless metal. He would think nothing of the severance of that wonderful head. What an ignoble way to die.

D: No. You would rather have me rotting here under the blood stained hands of the Kuomingtang. Comrade Wu, it is sometimes better to die for an ideal than to live for a pawn. I know they are hunting Kon. I know where they hunt. But they will never find him. No, not they with their wine thickened brains. Tonight, my Kon is leaving China forever.

W: (Startled) You are going? Oh . . . .

D: No. I am not going. With your paltry remittance there was barely enough for one. He leaves at daybreak in the "Tana Maru." Ha! He is even now making off with the Comrade Taing's launch. What fools they are, these Kuomingtang!

W: Ah, my heart, for a moment I felt that I would die. But if he is deserting you, give me the locket. It cannot serve you anything but death. Have you forgotten that last week saw you before the council? Give me the locket so that we both may live.

D: A locket which you might use to betray me? No, Comrade Wu, I am used to the nearness of death. I have slept with its icy fingers near me since the first day of the revolution, ten years ago. Nothing seems real any more but death. But I choose to bear my own cup. And Kon is akin to luck in your beggared jargon. (Lights a cigarette and walks to the window) For once, the wind has served me well.

(Comrade Taing strides into the room, snow falling from his fat shoulders as he removes his coat)

TAI: Happiness. Ah, we have gaiety and laughter. Go get me a bottle of your best wine, Wu. Hurry.

(Exit Wu)

What is the thing which buzzes your pretty head, blossum?

D: (Turning from the window and gazing at Taing) The storm, perhaps. I do not like the wind.

T: Nor I! Nor I! By all that is hellish. And for hours I, the great Taing, have struggled through drifts with a company of soldiers searching for that eternally damned, three times damned renegade.

D: Then you have news of him?

T: Who? If you mean this father of pigs, Alex Konrad, NO! Tonight he is gone, but this afternoon, he walked the streets of Tsingtau. People saw him! The streets of Tsingtau in his grey coat and rebel cap! Ah, he shall pay for flouting the dignity of the Council for Order.

D: More labor for the executioner. I had thought you were exhausted of boxes in which to case the grinning heads.

T: Ah, Dimi, you are possessed of the talent for making a smile. No, (seats himself at the table, wearily. Dimi sits across from him) No executioner shall touch Alex Konrad. Oh no. I shall do it with these hands. Ah what a pretty spectacle he shall make. What a beautiful bit of raw flesh. Death by a thousand cuts, Dimi. Do you think that will serve?

D: A cigarette? (Lights it for him) You love your work, do you not?

T: Ah, that I do. The best provost marshal in all China. Think of that! Word has come from the commander in chief to the north, and even he remarks it. It must be so. Two hundred heads! Think of it? Two hundred heads, Dimi and all in one day! It is wonderful.

D: And each one will repay you a hundred fold. I hope you will not wait long for that reward.

T: Oh no. I shall not have to wait. The treasury is bursting with money. The merchants have been very kind. And so have we. Indeed we have. They are allowed twenty-four hours to pay their tax. After that, they are put aside painlessly. Ah yes, the Kuomingtang is of good heart.

(Enter Wu with wine which he places before Taing)

D: Are you really so set upon apprehending this Konrad?

(Wu shoots Dimi a warning glance and hovers in the doorway)

T: What are you waiting for, Comrade? Dimi, Alex Konrad is the greatest menace abroad.

*Continued on page 2*

Until I have the extreme pleasure of hacking his body into bits, I shall scarcely eat.

D: Then perhaps, having great respect for your welfare, I had better tell you where you can find this Konrad.

T: (Halting glass in mid air) WHAT? Why didn't you tell me this before!

D: You recall the little yellow hut on the polo grounds? He will be there tonight until daybreak. I have it of a coolie.

T: (Pushing himself to his feet) Then I go. Soldiers are waiting for me downstairs. I shall get this renegade tonight. (Throws glass to table where it shatters. Gazes at it a moment) A sign. Such is the fate of those who bow not when Taing speaks. (Picks up coat and starts for the door) But wait! It is the devil's own walk to the Polo Ground on a night such as this. Are you sure?

D: Very.

T: (Places handle on doorknob) Then I go! Tomorrow I shall be back. If you are right, I shall reward you, but if you are wrong . . . . No man can long hide from the great Taing. Nor a woman. Good night, my heart. I promise you a box seat at his execution . . (Exit)

D: A good voyage to you, Taing, and may the snowdrifts enfold you. (Slouches to the window and gazes out) It is too much to hope that Kon might have placed a trap for you, Comrade Taing. Too much to hope. (Lights a cigarette and sighs) For once the wind and snow will aid instead of hurt the ones I love. It will drown the sputtering exhaust of Taing's launch. It will hide the grey figure of Kon from these devil's children. It will make impassable the drifting highways. And the morrow to find the TANA MARU putting to sea and placing Kon in safety. After that I shall breathe, and wait until word comes from Manila that he is safely landed and in funds. Ah, for that I shall live, and kiss the bald heads of these fools the Kuomingtang, to sip their liquors and breathe the poison of flattery into their inflating ears. Blow, you wind, and snarl out the . . . . (there is a knock on the door at the back of the stage. Dimi stares a moment and then creeps toward the door, laying her hand upon the knob. From her stocking she draws a thin knife which she holds poised. She jerks the door open, disclosing a muffled figure in grey. Dimi throws up her arms and drops the knife.) KON! (Throws her arms about his neck.)

K: (Stepping into room and disentangling himself with a chuckle) How have you been, sweetness? Got anything to drink? It's cold as hell out there.

D: (Suddenly sober) Why didn't you go, Kon? Why didn't you leave while you could? Just a moment ago, Taing was here with a bloody curse for every letter in your name. I sent him out to look for you.

K: Interesting. Where did you send the old ghoul?

D: Why, to the Polo Grounds where you spent last week. He took a squad of his soldiers with him.

K: Whole squad, eh? Well, well, they have a very pleasant surprise awaiting them. (Takes off his coat with Dimi's help and throws them upon the sofa) I put a potato masher grenade on the doorknob. Heh. All they do is pull, the release unwinds, and zowie! we are no longer interested in Comrade Taing. I thought some of them might call. Good joke, isn't it? This Taing's champagne? A beastly mess he made of it.

D: I wish you'd gone, Kon. I feel that this is the last. Taing smashed that glass there, and mumbled of its symbolism. I'm afraid.

K: It has been the "last" for us so many times, little one, that I thought you would be getting used to it by this time. (Pours out a glass of champagne and drinks it. Lights a cigarette.)

D: Why did you come back?

K: Maybe I was afraid I would catch cold in all this snow. Listen, Dimi, I'm ashamed of you. Really I am. Thought I would run off to Manila and leave you here to face the music. All for the want of a few paltry dollars. It's the same to me whether I eat, sleep, live or die. You know that, or at least ought to. I'm ashamed to think that you would believe me the type of chap who would leave his only girl just to save his own worm-eaten hide. Tears and a brass band, Dimi. And what the merry hell are we going to do now? How much money have you?

D: Enough for a small bowl of rice. You have about three hundred in gold, haven't you?

K: And the exchange is about two-eighty. Maybe it will be higher tomorrow. That's what comes of voting with the wrong machine gun. And the slight difference of blue and black. Each turning the other red. How much does old Wu keep in that strongbox downstairs?

D: Oh, Kon! You wouldn't take that chance.

K: Why not? (Draws an automatic and balances it in his hand.) There are about eight guards down there and seven shots in this pistol. Maybe if I knew some higher mathematics, I could spread them around.

D: There are more than that. I have seen them this very evening.

K: (Crushing cigarette) Well there's no use waiting here for the gods to smile. Come, we had better go together before anyone should take it in their head to call. Get your coat and a bag. We'll try to stretch the three hundred.

D: (Walking across the room to the closet) All right, I'll be ready in a moment. Ting-Kai might come.

K: He is head of this district isn't he? Worth a few million, too. Better take the heaviest coat you have. It's cold as hell. Ugly brute, this Ting-Kai. Have you seen him often?

D: Tried to make love to me last night. Just a minute, I . . . .

(There is a knock on the door. Dimi throws her coat onto the closet floor and closes its door. Kon glances about for a place to hide and dives behind the window curtain where he is completely hidden. Dimi opens the door.)

D: Why, why good evening, Comrade Ting-Kai.

TK: (Striding into the room) What's the matter with you? Your face is pale! (Strips off his coat, throwing snow over the rug, and throws it with his visored fur hat, onto a chair.) Aren't you well?

D: Why yes. Certainly. Very well, thank you. Some wine? I just opened a bottle for you.

TK: How did you know I was coming?

D: Oh, I saw you from the window, of course.

TK: Odd. In fact, very odd. I entered by the back door. Well, never mind, never mind. I have a question to ask you. (Seats himself at the table and pours out a glass of the champagne) You certainly are drunk if you drank all that while I was coming up the stairs. But never mind. I have news. Great news for you. (Smiles and pats Dimi's shoulder) Tonight I have moved into the old German residence at the top of the hill. The large one with the huge doors. And tonight several merchants kindly offered their wares that I might equip the mansion free of charge. Nice of them, was it not?

D: Yes, yes, very nice of them. (Her head flickers toward the sofa. Kon's cap and grey coat are lying in plain sight. She stiffens)

TK: They offered their wares; I have a house. But I have excuse for neither one. Understand, lily?

D: Oh yes.

TK: Then you will come? Then you will live at the German house? Ah, it makes me very happy. Of course, it took me some little time to decide. There have been rumors, you know. Rumors about a certain rebel and yourself. But I am very great now, and the very great are too mighty to believe the rabble. Still, to make sure of your continued loyalty to me, I have captured Alexeyitch Konrad.

D: What?

TK: Oh, do not let it so affect you. Tell me, are these rumors the tidings of truth?

D: No, of course not. You have captured him?

TK: Perhaps not exactly that, but a short time ago, I received word that a patrol had been tracing his movements. Vile wretch, that Konrad.

D: They traced him?

TK: They were but a few minutes behind him when I last heard. But a mere block from this cafe. Of course, however, you have no connection with him. None whatever.

D: But why should I? I scarcely know the man.

TK: Then you have seen him?

D: Oh, let us forget these petty bickerings of your war. You spoke of a house. (Glances first at the curtain and then at the cap and cloak on the sofa. She shifts uneasily in her chair.)

TK: Below there is a guard of a hundred men. They are to safely escort you and protect you in your new home. You will go, then?

D: Ah yes, yes, but not tonight.

TK: What! Not tonight? But I had planned for days, I had slaved to . . . , Why will you not come with me?

D: I . . . I am not feeling as I should. (Lets her eyes jump from the curtain to the sofa again)

TK: Oh, but you must come. You will be so happy with me that you will . . . . Wait (Stares at cap and cloak) Wait! What is that. (Jumps to his feet and snatches them up) There is something wrong about tonight. I felt it when (Rips out the band of the cap) Alex Konrad! (Stares at the band) Alex Konrad! Where is he? (Shakes Dimi, violently) Where is he?

D: Don't! Don't. (Buries her head in Ting-Kai's coat.) He has gone. But he is coming back to kill me. Help me! Help me, Ting-Kai.

TK: Where has he gone. Tell me quickly.

D: To that . . . . Wait, I will point out the very place from the window. Come! (Pulls Ting-Kai across the room and gesticulates, placing Ting-Kai between herself and the curtain.)

(Kon's hand shoots out, grasping the muzzle of his gun. Strikes Ting-Kai on the skull and throws back the curtain to watch him melt to the floor.)

D: Thank God!

K: Thank yourself. Neat tap, wasn't it? I guess his coat ought to fit me, hadn't it? About the same size.

D: (Kneeling over the unconscious Ting-Kai) A bag of coins. (Tosses it to Kon)

K: And heavy! Several hundred here. (Thrusts it into his pocket)

D: And here's a sheaf of papers. Good.

K: (Catches them and pockets them.) Identification and official passes. Better haul than I ever hoped for.

(Kon walks to the closet, picking up Dimi's coat and bag. Throws the coat around her shoulders, and then picks up Ting-Kai, carrying him to the closet. He shuts the door and dons the Chinese's wraps.)

K: Pretty good fit, isn't it? (Pulls fur visor down over his face) From now one, we are Comrade Ting-Kai and wife. That is until we get to Manila. (Opens the closet door and throws the grey cap and trench coat over the unconscious figure.) Just the right touch of irony. All set, Dimi?

D: All set, Kon, I mean Comrade Ting-Kai. All out for Manila!

EXIT

CURTAIN

# Look Down, Olympus

By Frank Westbrook

"As flies to wanton boys are we to the gods; they kill us for their sport . . . yet ever gentle gods."—Aldous Huxley.

I

EMALINA Gonzalez sang *Isolde* in Madrid three weeks before she gave birth to her illegitimate child. She sang it brilliantly amid the glittering light of the sea in the first scene; her *Love-Death* was an achievement of passion, the heights of which had never before been portrayed in Spain. Her voice rang with vibrant melancholy and lament, and she ended her performance with a violence of grief which seemed so real, so tragic that members of the audience sitting quite near moved restlessly and looked at each other. When the curtain fell on her last trembling acknowledgment of an ovation, the Gonzalez collapsed and had to be carried to her dressing room. She was placed on her lace-covered divan; the shouts of the frequenters of her door went unheeded. This marked Emalina's last appearance in opera. Many times afterward conductors asked, "Where is Emalina Gonzalez?" Senor Enriquez, the old gentleman with the white stubbly beard and sensitive-looking lips offered the management of "El Teatro Real" thousands of reales for a lavish mounting of any opera that they might see fit to produce if they would engage the Gonzalez.

But no one knew where she was. After she left the theatre that night no one of any importance ever saw her, no one even knew that she had had a child. They talked of her much after that, not so much about herself as about her *Isolde*. It was Emalina who had taught them Wagner, and it seemed as if Wagner died for them when she left the theatre.

There had suddenly come to Emalina there upon the stage a feeling of remoteness. At times the audience withdrew and returned, and the lights seemed to come closer. She felt that she had become like the cast-off chrysalis of a moth. Loneliness assailed her with a great force. It is true that she had suffered before because of Emanuel, but she had never before felt that she had been irreparably severed from something which she knew was a part of her. This remote feeling was the fruit of a realization that she was alone, that here was a climax to many desertions. So when she fell on Tristan's body she was beseeching Emanuel—she was touching Emanuel—when Tristan died Emanuel died also. She had sought beauty in her art. This ecstacy had possessed her so that she was like a drunkard. A different beauty had come to her in Emanuel. It had come so quickly and so strongly and seemed so much the epitome of what she desired that she had given herself to it with no thought—only feeling. It was as ephemeral as the tail of a comet. In all her life, even her immature life, she had drawn a beautiful passion from each high moment. She had drawn too deeply. Tristan was dead.

So she left. She bore her child in an obscure town and prayed that it might not inherit the passion, the love of something beautiful, any all-encompassing desire, the like of which had damaged her. The approaching spires of one town after another as she wandered about were no more an adventure to her. She travelled to lose what she had had before, and this loss, she felt, must come gradually; she could not take this dream out of her existence with a quick stroke. But it must be sure. She would trample upon every ember, every spark which remained. One day when she was in Segovia she took the infant with her into the cathedral and forced a rosary into its tiny hands. Then she knelt and prayed long that her child might have only enough soul to exist.

Emalina's difficulty came when she discovered that she had to make a living to take care of her child. She would not sing! She would work for others, she would be a menial, but she would not sing. She made only pittances after her store of money gave out. There was nothing she could do. She was reduced to scrubbing floors, and her hands which had once carried clear bright rings became harsh and ringed with scars.

She heard that in America everyone had something to do which paid him well, so she saved her pittances and came to America. The boat was dark and dirty and rats ran among the people who were travelling as she had to travel. All the people were as dirty and underfed as she and her child. There were men who wallowed in their bunks, visited by sea sickness, and women who fought and screamed at each other. There was one old woman who said nothing from dock to



dock but just sat chewing something and mumbling all the time. The smell of the place was terrible to Emalina. There were large curved beams and supports bracing the ship, and between two of these she sat listening to the creaking and groaning of the wooden boat and to the engines and to the mumuring of the other people.

The nights seemed black and long and when she could not sleep she felt herself in a sort of dark suspension, neither of the physical world nor entirely away from it. Emalina began to spend these wakeful lights planning, seeking some relief from a future which had been like the past. Memory visited her and she was taken back to hours spent under brilliant net-like nights. This memory was painful, and it was the slow oscillation of the ship which gratefully brought her back to the present once more.

After an interminable period of enforced forbearance, stench, and discomfort the boat arrived in New York. "And now," thought Emalina, "I will be happy in a quiet obscurity. I will rear my child and guard it against what I have had to bear." It was with the spiritual excitation of a conqueror that she arrived in New York, and two hours after she had passed through Ellis Island, she received her first blow. There was one friend whom had found on the boat, a garrulous rosy-cheeked Spanish woman who had insisted on helping her with her child. Emmalina was not fond of her, but she needed help. "But it is so big," said Emalina. "How do people live?"

"I have heard that there are more people starving here in this city than in our whole country!"

She felt a new kind of fear. "Where shall I go? I know nothing."

"I have a friend here. We will go to see her first and then you may find out where you can live cheaply."

"Thank you," said Emalina. "I would appreciate—"

"It is nothing."

So they went to the tenement district near the river—the dirty squalid sections which is nearly all noise and in which there is no peace, but a great deal of hunger. They climbed three flights of dirty squeaking stairs. There were piles of dust and cobwebs and an occasional fruit peel pushed back into the corners of the steps. Emalina stepped upon a dead mouse. The garrulous woman's friend took her to a cupboard of a room at the back of the house which looked out over thousands of roofs and thousands of belching chimneys. The garrulous woman told her friend that Emalina knew little English and that she should not charge her very much. So Emalina acquired a landlady who spoke much English to her whether she understood it or not.

"Now, dearie, make yerself comfy and we will see if we can tend to the brat."

"Yes," said Emalina, understanding very little.

"So ye're broke! Well you'll git something soon—I hope."

"No—yes," she said.

Thus the search began. In her ragged finery she looked for work. Sometimes she found it—something to do for three days, two, four. Her landlady consoled her on her fat bosom when she was in a good humor, and when she was in a bad humor he told her that she must soon give her some money or take the brat and go. Emalina tried hard and soon became thin and sick and had to rest, and after she got well she found that a woman who was half sick could get no work. She was panic stricken but her landlady remained in a good humor for a long time.

Her life began to draw the beauty from her face and she felt glad, for her child would not see her as she had been.

Soon she could find nothing to do and her landlady had a long bad humor, so she sank to the levels of prostitution. Emalina embraced this also. It was like more water that she could put upon the embers—more harsh feet to grind upon the hearth. It became a choice, and when she looked at it in retrospect she did not regret. Her choice lost some of its natural repugnance. She had projected her idea into her inmost life, and she could now enjoy a certain rest. After a while she died of some disease there in the tenement and left her story and the child with the landlady, who after all had a kind heart and whose name was Flannery.

II

The shouting of the man selling fish in the narrow street below woke Emma. She woke with the same feeling that she had had every morning for—how long a time? Emma was tired. She had been tired as long as she could remember. If a web of her insignificant existence had been placed before her, the threads woven in different drab colors, she would have put a rough finger on a grayed bit of grey-brown which predominated and plucked it out as evidence. Emma ached when she went to bed in her dirty room, and she ached when she left it in the morning. She had ceased to long to lie in bed and look at the cracked ceiling. She did not think of sinking back into the recesses of sleep any more. Her life had condemned her by its very circumstance—its very palpable quality of making her live. She did not fight against it,

*Continued on page 6*

# Words

*By* ETHEL RAYNOR MCDONALD

GENEVIEVE grasped the bannister and found it shaky. "I hope you know where you're going," she laughed, as they struggled up the dark, rambling staircase. A dim gas mantle burned in the upper hall. The older woman led the way. "I've been here several times," she said. The turned at the landing and heard at once the mingled confusion of many voices, some high, strident, aggressive; some low-pitched, placating. The door to the room was ajar, and the two women entered, unnoticed.

This room, too, was lighted with gas, but as there were no mantles here, the lights flickered with each passing gust of air. A makeshift elevation, a sort of platform, stood in the center of the room. On it rested a small table on which two or three books had been placed. Behind it were screens of assorted sizes which spread themselves out in a brave attempt to hide the disorder back of them. They did not quite succeed for on the one end heaps of folding chairs were disclosed, and at the other a portion of a temporary bed was revealed.

In the midst of this general disarrangement, a short, slight figure with a great shock of red hair walked up and down, talking rapidly, gesticulating, shaking hands in a vigorous, friendly way. He stopped once to speak to a dark haired, moustached gentleman on whose sharp, well-defined nose was balanced a pair of pince-nez to which was attached a heavy black silk cord. At this moment the two women approached the little man with red hair. "Well! Well! this is very nice, indeed, Miss Gaines." He bustled a trifle. "And I see you've brought a little friend. Miss Genevieve Butler? Good! I'd like both of you to know my distinguished colleague, Mr. Lytton, and the dark-haired, pince-nezed gentleman was indicated. In a moment, the little red-haired man left them for another group. One got the impression that he never lingered anywhere, being possessed of a restless nerve force that constantly harrassed him into some kind of motion.

Some chairs had been arranged with a vague suggestion of rows and the young woman and her older friend seated themselves, to watch with interest the little knots of people about the rapidly filling room. At last the little man mounted the platform and clapped his hands sharply together. The talk subsided and the groups reluctantly broke up The lecturer started his talk abruptly, arrestingly. He picked up a volume from the small table beside him and began to read snatches here and there, pausing frequently to make comments, sometimes closing the book entirely to leave his hands free for emphasis. The book was Shaw's *Man and Superman*, and a good deal of the talk lingered about the author and his prefaces.

The speaker, Duncan MacDowell, a Scotsman educated at Oxford and at the University of Sidney, Australia, where he had later taught, had come to America to start a new school in dramatic art. Burdened with a wife and child and but little money, he had found in New York a public whose attitude was sympathetic but scarcely benevolent. His daily classes were meagerly attended by the children of modern extremists, most of whom were unsuccessful writers, artists, musicians and other malcontents. With the war just over, New York was amazingly crowded with people with a grievance, many of whom seemed to find their way to his Sunday night lectures which were free, except for the 15c one left on a plate near the door to pay for the tea and cookies served after the lecture. MacDowell had a spreading reputation for dialectics, and his open forum following the talk provided each eccentric with a chance to air his own views.

During the evening, it might have been observed that MacDowell deferred frequently to the dark-haired Mr. Lytton, who took no part in the discussions, but would nod his head from time to time. He sat apart, and at times a look of increased disdain crossed his sardonic face. Just before the serving of tea, MacDowell rapped energetically on the table to announce that their next reading would be the "Rape of the Sabine Women." This statement caused a little flutter of interest and response here and there, and numerous comments on "free love" and "love at half price." Then cups of steaming tea and plates of cookies were passed, and Mr. Lytton took a seat beside Genevieve Butler and, looking at her sharply, first over his glasses and then through them, he remarked: "And what does Miss Innocence think of all this?"

"I scarcely know what to think," the girl replied. "It's my first venture."



"How well acquainted are you with Bernard Shaw?" said Mr. Lytton.

Somewhat apologetically she answered: "This is my introduction to him. You see, I am a business woman, and when I get home at night I am tired. I like to read, of course, but—well, maybe I like being entertained more."

"Then, my dear child," said Mr. Lytton, "I would consider the fare this evening highly seasoned and perhaps somewhat indigestible for you, for a first reading." He scrutinized her face searchingly and then took a limp leather bound book from his pocket, handing it to her. "You may use this, if you like, but if you prefer being entertained to being educated—" here he smiled a little, tolerant smile, "suppose you start with *Arms and the Man*. But don't neglect the prefaces. They may not have a thing to do with what follows, but they'll make you use your pretty head. Then, read *Man and Superman* and you will feel like scorning all traditions socially current."

As she took the book, he said "You really must find time for reading. What kind of work do you do?"

"Oh, it's a routine job," she answered without enthusiasm. "Stenography, typewriting. I work for a philanthropist."

"'Ah, yes, quite so," said Mr. Lytton, "One of those altruistic creatures who gorge themselves on the publicity that their Christ-like charity yields to them. I'm afraid, my dear, that this place is quite too sophisticated for you. You have the air of being slightly shocked. But don't take any of this too seriously. They'll be asking you presently if you are willing to go to prison for your beliefs."

"To prison!" said the astonished girl, "Why, I don't even know what their beliefs are!"

"Most of them think the marriage contract a rudiment of barbarism; the possession of wealth or property a crime; the death of the president an eventuality to be lauded and perhaps hastened, primarily because he represents organized government; they think law and order distinct handicaps to personal liberty; and the existence of an army and navy dark blots on the fair name of America." He paused: "Many of these men and some of the women have been in prison because of the beliefs they held during the war."

They looked around at the crowd which had again divided into small groups. Their faces had an earnest mien and there was an astonishing absence of humor among them.

"But I don't believe any of those things," said the girl.

"H'm," said Mr. Lytton, "I didn't think you did. As a matter of fact, you strike me as being pleasantly and unbelievably provincial, but you will pardon me if I add that that state of mind is hardly one which could continue to interest one over an indefinite length of time!"

"Do you suppose something could be done about it?" asked the girl, breaking into a smile.

"Just living in New York a little longer ought to help, don't you think?" asked Miss Gaines.

"A little guidance is inevitable, my dear lady"; was the reply. "I do not see how you can escape a renewal of this discussion, Miss——" he paused and removed his glasses, wiping them vigorously. "You are much too young and I...well, certainly am much too mature to be hampered by chronological conventions. You have another name, I assume?"

"Genevieve," she supplied.

"Ah, yes, after 'Saint Genevieve.' She is patron saint to some lovely churches in France, and many paintings and much sculpture have been made in her honor. It is a musical appellation." Then, turning on her abruptly, "You aren't, of course, musical?" It was undeniably a challenge.

Genevieve replied, "Why I love music."

"You *love* music! 'Passionately,' why didn't you add. So many people do." His voice rose: "What kind of music? Do you sing? Do you perform on any instrument? Do you go to concerts or operas because you like to go or because you like to be called 'musical'?" He was almost shouting, now.

Somewhat overwhelmed, she murmured, "Why, I enjoy classical music. I sing a little, and I sometimes go to a concert."

"Classical Music! You sing a little! *What* do you sing? You go to concerts! Where do you go, and what do you hear? Well, we shall see. H'm." He sat as though lost in thought. Then, "There will be a very fine treat for you"—he looked at her sideways—"or a very dreadful punishment" he added "at Carnegie Hall on the Wednesday following next Sunday. It is Beethoven's 5th Symphony. His 5th, mind you! I consider it his magnum opus. I was going alone. I do not enjoy going with unmusical people, but I will take you, if you care to go—and we shall see, we shall see. Where do you live?" He looked at her inquiringly, acutely, sceptically.

Too bewildered to demur, she obediently wrote her address and said, "I'll give you my telephone number, too." But he interrupted "That is hardly necessary, my child. I was born before the telephone became popular, and I have never adopted the vogue."

A day or two later, a little note came to Genevieve in the mail. It started without salutation,

*Continued on opposite page*

as though picking up the threads of an interrupted discourse, and it reminded her that the business of educating her had already begun. A few days after that, she had another letter, questioning her progress in the Shavian cult, and referring to the Beethoven concert and what it would reveal of her. By Sunday evening, she was quite prepared for an interesting meeting at MacDowell's lecture room, to which she went this time alone. She was immoderately disappointed not to find Mr. Lytton there. In fact, it was difficult for her to shake off a feeling of defeated anticipation, and to lose herself in the lecture, and she was distinctly conscious of a pleasurable thrill when a voice beside her said, "Will you have a bit of tea, my child?"

"I thought you weren't coming," she said.

"H'm, so you did think of me." He looked at her brightly and fingered his moustache. "I don't always come to these things," he waved a contemptuous hand toward the crowd, "but the concert is important, and I wanted to arrange the details with you. I think we should have a bite to eat before going. I know an Italian restaurant, where the food is good and not expensive. We can get a little bottle of wine there, too. That will do us good." He patted her hand. Then, after a moment of silence, he said, "I am going to assume an avuncular role with you. Mind! You shall probably suffer as a result of it. I am not too patient a person about teaching the young. But you need someone to look after you, and you show signs of intellectual avidity. Perhaps I can satisfy that hunger! *Of course*, I am an egoist. But so are you! And what intelligent person isn't?"

"Tell me something about yourself," said the girl. "I know nothing at all about you."

"You know that I have a passion for intelligence and that music is my obsession," he retorted. "Isn't that enough?"

"No," she said thoughtfully, "I would like to know lots more. What do you do, and who are you? You speak like an Englishman, but you have the temperament of a continental. And why should you suspect me of having intelligence, knowing so little about me?"

"Yes! yes! I understand!" he snorted. "You want to know where I work, what I do, what I earn, if I am married, the size of my family, where I stand socially, in politics, in religion, and so on, ad infinitum. Labels! Labels! Labels!" He paused for breath, and broke into a smile at the girl's distressed expression.

"'Ah, my child, you are right," he sighed. "But perhaps it is my wishing you to have keen mental perceptions that makes me hope you possess them. Your face is a very bright one, and your eyes are lively as well as blue. Besides I would not spend one moment with you if you were stupid. I am a literary critic, if that means anything to you. And I know something about six languages. I used to have a great deal of industry. I have translated Hugo's *Les Miserables* and sundry other things. That is hard work, and it doesn't pay." He looked off into space. Then "'While on the subject of my literary greatness"—a faint smile flickered over his saddened face, "I will mention that I once translated Wolfram's song to the Evening Star from German into French, metrically!",

" Did you get it published?" asked the girl.

"I didn't try to publish that. In fact, there would be no market for that sort of thing unless the translator happened to be someone like Lloyd George or Joffre or Lenin or Pershing. Mark Twain's negligible views on Wagner got into print —and—well, don't you see nonsense in print every day?"

"But you are, after all, an Englishman?"

"Technically, yes. My father was at one time Secretary to the British Embassy in Austria, and I was born in Vienna. I went to school there, and in Berlin and Paris. But that is all you get, Miss Avidity. I am going to take you home, tonight, and it is getting late. Remember, my child, that after all I am an elderly gentleman, and the night air is traditionally bad for me."

On the evening of the concert, they were very merry over the ordering of their simple Italian dinner, and the sweet wine pleasantly exhilarated them and helped to dissolve the slight restraint which the girl had hitherto manifested. Whether this was due to a lack of ease with subjects with which she appeared unfamiliar, or whether it was the result of a certain need for having everything quite clear-cut, it was not easy to determine. At times she would demand an opinion on books she had read, or plays she had seen, or perhaps a lecture to which she had listened with interest, and displayed great impatience with Mr. Lytton if his answers were not downright. Finally, he exclaimed, "My dear niece, what you want me to do is to state offhand a rock-ribbed inflexibly absolute and unchangeable position! Well, you know

## RHYTHM

*If I walk with airy tread*
*I dance to a tune piped through my head*
*To the capering lilt of an elfin choir*
*Humming the song of heart's desire.*

*But if my pace be staid and slow*
*I plod to the dirge of a dismal woe*
*To the hideous chill of muffled beat*
*To the aching rhythm of wearied feet*
*Of an army of sorrow and gaunt despair.*
*Cowed by the burden of leaden care.*

*Now the only rhythm that suits with me*
*Is the lightsome tripping of sans-souci*
*For I shudder to feel the awful urge*
*To measure my steps to a solemn dirge.*

—ALICE COWLES MORRIS.

I really can't oblige." And then he would proceed to present equally well at least three divergent views on the subject under discussion.

At length he looked at his watch and rose hurriedly. "We will have to continue this loquace soiree at some other time," he said. "But try to remember," he counselled as he helped her on with her coat," that not everyone is reducible to a simple plus or minus formula."

Although pressed for time, they walked several blocks to reach the elevated train which they took to Carnegie Hall, and upon their arrival, mounted nearly to the roof before they reached their seats. The girl looked around as though trying to gauge the attitude of those about her toward a young and pretty woman who would permit herself to be led to the top gallery to hear a concert. Mr. Lytton, however, seemed totally unconscious of any disadvantage, and was reading his program with absorbed interest when the conductor of the orchestra suddenly raised his baton and the Adagio began.

The girl appeared to be greatly stirred by the beautiful sounds to which she was listening but after a time she seemed aware that her companion was in a world that left her completely outside. This, too, was obviously a wholly new experience for her. He was breathing audibly, and his gaze was fixed in the direction of the orchestra. At times, he raised a slender, white hand, moving it almost imperceptibly to the right and the left. Once he rested his hand on the arm of his chair, and she touched his fingers. But whether her motive was to direct his attention toward herself or to indicate a sympathetic mood, the man apparently assumed the latter for he pressed her hand convulsively, and at the close of the first movement, he cried: "To think that we should have shared that beauty! It is quite wonderful!" He looked at her, frowned and said with mock solemnity: "What destiny has brought us together? What fate will drive us asunder?"

The relationship of this widely disparate two was the source of much comment among their friends in the months to come. But whether the question was at all important to Mr. Lytton, Genevieve seemed to have difficulty in deciding. Once, as though at her wits end, she remarked, "But have you no intention of ever marrying?" He looked at her reflectively, then mischievously, and answered: "And if I said 'No,' what then?"

"Nothing—only—"

"Yes?"

"Well, when a girl gives so much time to one man—" she hesitated, "giving up most of her friends for him—"

"Ah, yes—you mean there should be some compensation. I see," he nodded his head as if in understanding. "Her time is worth something—and perhaps the man with no intentions spoils her chances?"

Genevieve's face brightened at this, and she raised it expectantly to him.

"Bah!" he said, "And what about me?—the many, many hours that I have given of myself so freely? Have they no value, no meaning for you? It is my life, my soul, my very being that I pour out to you. And I spoil your chances! Mon dieu! This is too much!"

The girl's face was very white as they walked along in silence. Once she stole a glance at her companion and saw that he was suffering. She slipped her arm through his and touched his hand caressingly. When they reached the door of her apartment, he carried her fingers to his lips and kissed each one of them. Then he spoke in a low voice, which was full of pain. "My dear little niece," he said, "Marriage is not for me. You are on the threshold of life—as for me, well, I am nearer to the end. I feel myself capable of a great passion for you, but in a few years I shall be old—old, yes, and perhaps ill. You might have to wait on me—to nurse me! Think of it! No! No! The thought is unbearable."

"But, uncle," said the girl, "I would want to take care of you." There was a silence, and the man's voice was quite tremulous when he spoke. "You are growing up and out, my child," he said. "Now everything is possible for you. As for me" —he made a hopeless gesture with his hand—"I have been dealt with, in the main. And, besides," he added lightly—"there is a strain of insanity in my family!"

There was understanding between these two, now, and their meetings became more frequent, their exchange of notes increasing. They were habitual attendants at Carnegie Hall, always sitting on the topmost tier which they now regarded as their own. Some Sunday afternoons, it was the Aeolian Hall, and one night they went to the Park Theater to hear Gilbert and Sullivan's "Iolanthe." Mr. Lytton's mood was of the lightest. On the way home, they stopped at a modest looking place for some refreshment and got to the platform of the elevated station at a very late hour only to see their train leaving. They had the station to themselves, and instead of bewailing the delay, Mr. Lytton began to sing a verse from the operetta, in a quaint falsetto:

"Conceive me, if you can,
A foot-in-the-grave young man!"

Then he chanted in a deep bass:

"Francesca da Riminy-miminy-piminy
Foot-in-the-grave young man!"

"I'm a 'foot-in-the-grave young man', myself!" he cried. Genevieve had never seen him so gay.

*Continued on page 7*

# *Look Down, Olympus*

*Continued from page 3*

she did not hate it. She did not long for something better because she knew nothing else. There was nothing to hate because there was nothing to love. With all this certain fresh moments came to her. Her life was hard, but few people's lives are entirely hard and low. Emma was not one of these few, but happiness as the world knows it did not touch her.

Her every move, her every thought lay in the tenements about her. Every thought except one. Of course she had her associations. The bent old woman with grey hair like wire, who had lost her sight in one white clotted eye, had told her stories about life in other places which lay miles away and yet very near. The anemic black-eyed woman who lived across the alley, called a street by some officious cynical person, had talked with her. The fat woman who lived across the hall, and who knuckles were black where dirt had grown in, occasionally shared something to eat with her.

Emma got up. The floor was already warm from the rays of the sun. She could feel the cracks between the boards. Her toes had felt them the same way hundreds of time. She went to the window and looked out. The old man who came home at night so drunk that she could hear him singing across the way was leaning out of the window pouring water over his grey shaggy hair. His window was almost directly opposite Emma's. The two were separated by the roofs of some dirty shops which were two stories beneath. The water splashed upon the roofs and ran in small rivulets down the red grooves in the tin. The sun fell upon the water and sent sparkling twinkles into the air. To the left of her window were the chimneys and roofs of other tenements and there were clothes lines filled with the garments of the poor stretched on pulleys across the roofs. A tentative fog of smoke was rising in wisps from the whole mass of roofs and chimneys and houses. It was as if the spirits of what the houses had contained the night before were being sloughed off in anticipation of other like spirits. Over all this the sun shone, not as it shines upon fields and woods and rivers, but as it shines upon a city, a deep thing which cannot be understood in the same way as the others are.

It was here in the warm fertile rays of the sun that Emma thought. She stood here for a short time every morning. It was not of her own volition; it was merely the force of her lone moment. When her hands touched the splintered window sill and felt the heat of sun or the piercing cold of ice she thought. She had no philosophy, no comforting rationalization, no plans for the future no matter how distant. She had a dream. It was a dream of warmth when the sill was cold and a dream of serene comfort when the sill was hot.

"Git out of hear, damn you." The drunken man came to the window again and laughed. Someone from Emma's side laughed, a high-pitched giggle. Emma turned away from the window. She did not regret the strident interruption.

Henry, Emma's husband, was still sleeping when she returned to the bed. His breath came and went with a harsh vocal accompaniment. One of his arms was thrust through a hole in the grey sheet and his underwear was torn away from this arm, exposing the matted nests of coarse hair which grew upon them. He was twisted into the sheet, and his huge form was lost in its folds. He awoke with a rough start when she touched him on the shoulder. When Henry's eyes were open he bore a resemblance to a sort of refined ape. His hair and brows and beard were almost strangely uniform—a mixture of dull red and dark brown, shaggy and unkempt. Henry was like an animal and a mixture of cruelty and tolerance shone from his eyes. There were heavy creases where every natural line was cut in his face except at the corners of the eyes. He got up from the bed and put on some ragged garments which lay upon the floor. He looked once at Emma and once out of the window, then he left the room and went out into the streets. He sought work at the docks. When he could not get it, which was often, he leaned against a post and answered with grunts the attempts at conversation which some other person made.

Emma did not love Henry Morris. If she had she would have tried to rise from the place in which she lived. Her work for him was on a level plane. It was a routine so fixed by habit that she would have followed it if she had been put in a palace. She gave herself to him as he asked, because she did not know what else to do.

This morning, however, was different from all of her mornings. Emma suddenly wanted a child, and this was what made her different from Mrs. Riley and Mrs. Rosinsky and Mrs. Dilke. She would have had a child before this except for the fact that she and Henry could feed no more mouths, not even a cat's. This was the one point of intelligence in her which had not been obscured by her drab life.

It was the thought of a child which had come to her that morning when she had stood with her hands on the hot sill. It had come so strongly that it made her very faint. "It would be beautiful," Emma said to herself many times that day. By nightfall the thought had become a gleaming passion. The fact which had been brought home to her—that of her illegitimacy did not matter to her. It was no burden for her to bear, so it was easy to let it go. It was one of the few things that she remembered—Mrs. Flannery calling her "you little bastard"—but it was necessary to forget that wholly now.

It would be interesting to have stepped into Emma's mind that day—to have noticed the things that she had notied. For now she had something to love—only an idea it is true—but it was the beginning of something real—Emma had to have the real. She had lived so long in the real that anything of the ideal she may have once possessed had grown a beard and retired as a hermit. She swept the stairs in a fervor of dislike for their corners upholstered with pads of solid dust. Then she scrubbed her own floor and threw the grey water out of the window and it trickled off the tin roof of the baker's shop. All that day she planned and planned and finally decided that she could have a child in a year. Once during that day she went into the room where the bed was and awkwardly prayed to her small god that she might have a child. Then she decided that Henry should not know of her idea. It was her own and Emma, who had never heard of Eve, knew that she was original in her conception. She would keep it then and live for it. Then when it was too late to kill it by not heeding she would tell him.

It took her exactly a year and a month to save enough to have her child. She had inquired in an off-hand manner of two friends how much their babies had cost them. They told her lots of trouble and not much money.

"And are you planning to have one, Misses Morris?"

"Oh, no," said Emma, and left them standing in their weathered doorways.

During the year both Henry and Emma became increasingly restless. Henry noticed the change in Emma without ever realizing what it was. Sometimes when he sat at home (which was seldom enough) he would just sit and watch her mildly with no exact suspicions and almost without wondering. He could not seem to understand the clean rooms. Cleanliness was something into which Henry did not fit, for it was a question of his not fitting into cleanliness rather than cleanliness not fitting him. Emma watched Henry to see if he was watching her.

She had devised the plan of keeping the money that she obtained in a stocking and this stocking she hid under a loose plank in the floor. Three times that year she changed the stocking, for the rats made nests of all of them. At the first of the year she did work for other people. She asked the baker to let her stand behind his counter for a little time, as much as she could spare, each day. He paid her an occasional dollar for this. He soon bought a new toy for his little boy. He needed the dollars he was paying Emma, so she scrubbed floors for an old woman who was sick. She scraped and saved. She hoarded pennies as a miser treasures gold pieces, for so poor were they that a penny bun sometimes served for her lunch. With every coin she put into the stocking, her idea grew—her plans embellished themselves. Her desire soon took on a violent quality and sometimes she sat down trembling all over. "It will be beautiful," though Emma.

Many times during the year she bought less than was necessary for them to eat. She laid the money by and told Henry that she had lost it. Henry grunted, and she did not know whether he believed her or not. Toward the end she began to starve herself for fear that she would not have enough money, and she became very thin because she would not eat. She wore rags and insufficient clothing and shoes with little or no soles.

At last she had saved it. She had saved fifty dollars and she could have her baby. Only a short wait now. She looked at the money every day and thought of what she had done to get the heap of money which lay under the board.

Henry in his watching saw Emma change again and change still more. When they were in bed at night Henry could feel her trembling and he sometimes was kept awake in the hours after midnight by her rolling and tossing. His wondering began to take on a more active character.

When she had carried her child for three months she began to avoid Henry. His face and his hairy arms annoyed her and by stages became more repulsive. She started when he touched her and drew away from him. Now it was not Henry who watched. It was Emma. Emma with her arms always folded over her burden watched Henry. She was guarding her child, and night after night she guarded it and watched Henry until his dumb animal nature could stand it no longer. One night he blazed forth, his deep set eyes more animal-like than ever. "Damn you, what is it?" He came toward her with slow steps.

"Get out of here and let me and my baby alone." That was all she said, and there their discussion ended. Henry left the tenement and did not return for three days, and when he came back he did not talk to Emma for a long time.

Emma began to hate her surroundings and she wanted to take her child away so that it would not put its hands on the grey window sill and look out over the roofs and chimneys. She fancied

*Continued on page 8*

# *I Fear the Day . . .*

JAMES WHITING SAUNDERS

*I fear the day*
*when I must sit*
*within decay*
*and out of it,*

*when I must see*
*in empty air*
*Gethsemane*
*upon the stair*

*Without the hope*
*of gentle word*
*to stay the rope*
*if that occurred.*

## "Words"

*Continued from page 5*

The next morning, Genevieve went downtown, as usual. The usual stack of unopened mail covered her typewriter. She fingered the letters listlessly, opening them with a small, bright steel dagger. She went through the correspondence, separating, selecting, jotting down notes, using the telephone. The morning was passing. The telephone had rung a great deal. She closed her eyes and rested her head in her hands. Then she looked up and reached for a small, green leather bag and took from it the program of the previous evening's performance. She sat idly for awhile, drawing elaborate swirls about the name, "Iolanthe." "A 'foot-in-the-grave young man'," she murmured. The door opened, and her pencil fell to the floor.

A young student of sociology came in to inquire about a routine matter.

"Hello!" she said.

"Saw you at the theater last night," he said. "Was that your father?"

"No," she answered, shortly.

"Then," he persisted, "a friend of your father's?"

"No, not a friend of my father's, a friend of mine!" Her tone was no longer friendly—it had an excluding note in it.

"Sorry, no offense," he said lightly. He looked down and saw the program the girl had been marking. "Would you go with me to one of those things, sometime?" he asked.

"Why, yes," said Genevieve, "Of course!"

The young man started toward the door, then hesitated. "How about lunch some day?" She looked up quickly. "Let's go now," she said, "I can't work today."

Over creamed chicken in flaky patty shells she said, "Something is going stale with me. I need to get away."

"We all do," he nodded, sympathetically.

"This is more than just that!" she cried, "I want to run away. I want to run away from decisions that I can't make!"

He looked at her curiously, speculatively. "You take yourself with you, you know," he said.

"No," she answered, "I wouldn't, this time."

She poured him fresh coffee, and he stirred it meditatively.

"I know of something," he said, "that might help you. Have you any capacity for self sacrifice?"

"I don't know," she replied.

"It would be social service, rehabilitation work—in France. Long hours, little pay, poor food, now, you know—and sordid surroundings. I know a group of women who leave in a month. Church work mixed up with it, too. If you could stand it, your own chief might help you get in on it. The question is: Can you forget yourself?"

"That would be a new experience," she said.

That night she sat with Mr. Lytton at their little Italian restaurant. "It was just an impulse," she apologized. "I'm still quite provincial, you know, but if you disapprove—"

"This is a most important decision," said Mr. Lytton, "and you must make it yourself. But a chance to live in Europe, even for a time, is not to be sniffed at." He sat for a long time, looking across at her, through his glasses—a steady, yearning look, it was. Then, as though he had closed a door, he said: "Now, I must drop out of this. It is your future. From now on we must not divide our energies. We must think only of what preparation you need, to make the experience a rich one. Only a month—the time is so short. But you will have to work; to read; to study. We will go to museums; we will visit the unfinished cathedral, for it is beautiful. Everything you do toward a background will help you."

"But I will be quite busy there, I am sure," said the girl.

"You will have your week-ends," he said impatiently, "And you may have a leave. We must count on every eventuality."

Each time they met, he brought her something new—another Baedaecker; a Satchel Guide to Europe, a French pocket dictionary, a German pocket dictionary, and an Italian pocket dictionary; grammars for the three languages, an up-to-date guide for Paris, and, optimistically enough, a delightful little volume on Rome. One Sunday it was an illustrated book on the cathedrals of Europe. "Let's go today to see St. John, the Divine's," he planned. They went, and the dark, crude uncompleted flying buttresses brought a joyous enthusiasm from the girl. "Such ruggedness, such strength!" she exclaimed. "Oh, if the church were only really like that!"

Mr. Lytton nodded. "Wait!" he said, "there is everything before you. What a joy! To see one's first cathedral; to hear one's first opera; to set one's feet in Paris for the first time and, perhaps—who can tell?" he added breathlessly, "to get one's first peep at Rome!"

"Oh, why weren't you born thirty—or even twenty years later—or I twenty years earlier?" she cried.

"My dear, dear child!" He smoothed his mustache and pretended to smirk: "I am infinitely more interesting now. Furthermore, I am much broader-minded. As a rule, elderly people are not usually nearly respectful enough to the young. They seem to think that intelligence can be developed by sitting down and letting the years go by, and they call this stagnation by the imposing term 'experience.' But I am getting preoccupied with being clever, as usual, and we must get on to more important things."

At dinner that evening, he took from his pocket a little flat volume on Paris. He turned the pages and proceeded to check off items here and there. "This will save you many hours," he said. "After all, one can't see everything. There are a great many objets d'art which are quite unimportant. There are a few which you simply must not miss."

"That would seem largely a matter of common sense to me," said the girl.

"Common sense!" repeated Mr. Lytton. "What one needs is uncommon sense. Anyone can have common sense! People with common sense are the salt of the earth; they elect presidents; belong to societies; insure their lives; are patriotic; promote the perambulator industry, keep regular hours, have respectable views—well, I seem to be off again!"

"Your ideas on life have had a marked influence on me," said Genevieve. "I can't get used to myself, any more. I seem to be someone quite different from the person I was three months ago. There have been many times in my life when men have shown an interest in me, yet had I married any one of them, I most certainly would have turned out to be a perfect stranger to him. I seem to have awakened—but the process is slow, and I am always wondering: what next?"

"Do not hope for too much, my child. You will find few people who will genuinely value the substance of your mind. Most men will be quite indifferent to any but your external qualities: your looks, your disposition, your personality. You would be extraordinarily lucky if you were to marry a man who also considered your intelligence."

"I find myself so greatly discouraged, though," said Genevieve. "My reading has altered. My friends are different or the old ones I find dull and reactionary. I never seem to agree with people, any more. I am not particularly happy, either. My religious views are rapidly slipping away from me until presently I shall have nothing to fall back on."

"You will at least possess an intellectual integrity," said Mr. Lytton. "You have drawn a very despondent picture, with so little reason for despair. Your upheaval is a natural one. It had to come. As your mental perceptions develop, your mind becomes aggressive, acquisitive and therefore controversial. And while I may have provided a stimulus for this development, a good bit of it is yours, by nature. By temperament, you are hostile to accepting popularly conceived opinion, and that, to me, is the foundation for intellectual growth. Don't make yourself unhappy about these things. Try to remember how unimportant a great many things, temporarily momentous, really become."

They reached the subway but before entering it Mr. Lytton said, "I know a floral shop not far from here." They walked a few blocks and Genevieve waited outside the store. Presently Mr. Lytton returned with a fresh bouquet of violets. He held them tenderly in his hands, pressing his face against the wet flowers as if loathe to let them go. "This," he said, "is a small testimonial of my devotion."

* * *

The day of sailing arrived, and Mr. Lytton waited on the dock. He wore a repressed air, and his look was sadly chastened. He walked restlessly back and forth between boxes and baggage and people. He fingered the cord of his glasses nervously. He took off his pince nez and replaced it a hundred times. Once he turned hostilely as someone collided with him but it was only a very old woman who had come to catch one last glimpse of her sailor son, and her apologetic "Excuse me, sir!" had an appeasing effect. He brushed against some barrels and stooped with meticulous care to remove the dust. The dark coat covering his thin shoulders had the appearance of many careful pressings, and the exactly creased trousers revealed a worn sheen in the unsparing morning light. Myriads of fine lines crowded about his forehead and eyes and mouth. The sun beat down on his thinning hair, and all exuberance seemed to have left the fine brown eyes.

To share his last precious moments with Genevieve's relatives and friends was certainly a contingency on which he must have deliberated, had he reflected. Yet his wish for a moment of private consideration had passed the point of reasoning. He stood with his head slightly bowed. It was as though the structure that he had so carefully built up during all the previous months to keep their relationship delicately balanced between intellectual and artistic amenities, and the sentiment of a fine friendship, was at one blow sundered by the immediate prospect of their separation.

The time for the boat's departure was approaching, and it was apparent that the excitement of the new venture was engaging the interest of the girl increasingly, deferring still further the chances for last minute intimacies. The stir of the crowds, the shouting, the hauling and unloading of trunks and baggage, the cries of the porters, the calls of the deck hands, the tears and laughter and goodbyes—all of this was obviously having its effect on her, and she turned to Mr. Lytton with heightened color, her eyes dancing.

"Oh, my dear, my dear," she cried. "You have done so much for me—you have meant so much to me. Goodbye! Goodbye, just for a while!"

She clasped his hands warmly and kissed him. Yet even as she bade him this fond goodbye, he saw that her eyes turned toward the boat and in them was a sparkle, a zest for new adventures, that not even this painful separation could dim.

# *Sea Ecstasy*

*By* LEE ANNA EMBREY

For my own part, I had always vaguely admitted the existence of the sea as something to be crossed, something that was occasionally troublesome to travelers, and something that was pleasant at a summer resort. Even when it came to the actual meeting, I was unprepared, as I stepped on the little balcony and gazed out. In triumphant grandeur the sea spread before me, boundless, and infinite, mocking with superb immensity my preconceived ideas. My eyes traveled the long, slim outline of coast with its eternal foam; the dark line of the horizon taunted my efforts to see beyond; and mutely I made acknowledgment. I was to stand there many times during the ensuing weeks, in the morning with the dazzling splendor of sun upon the water, in the evening when sea and sky swam drunkenly together, and at night when moon and foam played havoc with my senses; but always the memory of that first moment reoccurs to me with the keenness of a wound.

I grew acquainted slowly. Hour by hour slipped imperceptibly by as the ocean changed its mood with scarcely an added swell to announce the heightening tide. The glare of the morning that drove me behind dark glasses vanished into the deep blue of afternoon; the sunset sky hung suspended for a moment, then all the world was gray again until the sudden lighting of the stars.

One thing never changed, though, and that was the eternal "hushing" of the waves as they flung themselves up the shore and then retreated swiftly. The sound haunted my consciousness always, soothing my waking hours and needlessly reiterating through the brief interlude of darkness. In the morning when I awoke, there was an added vigor to the sound, the fresh strength of the new day perhaps, or the renewed assurance of perpetuality.

Night was romancing time for the ocean. I felt that it liked the dark panoply of sky and the spilled stars, the mysterious blackness of itself. But most of all it must like the moon that climbed swiftly up the sky and shook out the long shimmering folds of its train, like a vain bride. In my little nocturnal revelries, I grew acquainted with strange timid creatures. Emboldened by the quiet beach, the ghosts of little crabs came out and sidled nimbly across the sand. Innumerable bats whirled dizzily around the arcs and zigzagged off into the darkness, while night insects flapped against the bright lights.

During the day, it pleased my fancy to stand out on my balcony and trace the endless stretch of shoreline with my eyes, remembering geography days when I had painstakingly outlined each tiny curve in the long Atlantic coast. But there came a day as calm and sunny as the others, when somebody sniffed the passing breeze and said that a storm was coming. Nothing in the blandly smiling surface of the sea lent credence to the prophecy, but I knew during the night that it had come. Long familiarity with the continual noise of the waves had accustomed me to the sound, and waking, sometime in the dead hours, I sensed a difference. The sound had risen to a steady roar; there was no sound of either wind or rain, nothing but that unrelaxing roar.

I was out upon the beach early to view a new and angry ocean. No sun to greet me this morning, not even the familiarity of raindrops. Great hard gray waves dashed furiously in upon themselves, and the steady gale whirled masses of yellowish suds across the beach and wrapped them around wooden piles. The skyline was completely shattered by the water. The sea seemed suddenly to be something alive, something malicious in its hatred of the shore. For four long days I watched such a nor'easter as not even the oldest inhabitant could parallel. The rain came finally, with the abrupt relief of tears after dry sobbing.

By this time I had grown used to the mood; I had even come to feel that this was the real ocean, when inexplicably, and with the abruptness of a summer shower, it passed. The fifth morning lightened on the same wild sea, but, by afternoon, the sun was shining brightly, and I was picking my way through the drenched paths in the pine woods. I walked with all the joy of one who returns to reality, but inevitably my footsteps turned back toward the dunes and the now subdued "hushing" of the waves. The path through the pines came out into little hillocks of sand where scrub evergreens and bayberries grew thickly. I gathered an armful of the grayberries and marveled as I went along at the unfamiliar fragrance of the leaves.

Then, from between two dunes, I saw the sea, again. As though I had never seen it before I saw it, deep blue and calm, twinkling a little in the sunlight and edging all the shore in a new clean foam. No hint of the storm in its smiling serenity; no hint of the storm in the forgiving sky, only a few puffs of cloud, drifting idly across its wide, blue scroll. I looked for a long, long time, and in those moments, was the discoverer.


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# *Look Down, Olympus*

*Continued from page 6*

that her child inside her cried out against the screaming noises of the streets, the squalidity of the houses and the rising of the misty smoke every morning. She could not bear to look at Henry. She tried to cut off every non-resisting part of her and of love so that she could resist everything and give all her affection to the child. Her whole life must be lifted a little.

When Emma had carried her child for six months she went to see Mrs. Riley again. She stepped into the street by some carts where men were selling cancerous oranges and decaying red bananas. A man passed, looked at her and laughed. One old lady had told her that in her country men removed their hats when a woman in that condition passed. Emma laughed at the thought. Her laugh was neither cynical nor bitter for she had the capacity for neither. She did not care who laughed. She had her desire. Holding her ragged coat around her she looked for Mrs. Riley.

"Where must I go to have my baby? I don't have much money."

"Go to a clinic, girlie, you don't need much money there. Very little. I have had all mine there."

"Thank you so much."

So she prepared to go to the clinic. Three days before her child was born she was seized with terrible pain and she was afraid that she would not be able to get to the hospital. Then doctors would come to her home and charge her a great deal of money. As soon as she was able Emma got out of bed and hurried to the clinic. She took the money and put it into a large paper bag and held it close to her while she walked.

"I am going to have a baby very soon," she told the attendants, and she handed them the brown wrinkled bag of money. Soon Emma did not realize what she was saying and kept repeating, "It will be beautiful," many times. Her pain was very great when they laid her upon a white bed, and after her body had been pulled through sharp narrow cylinders and cut by knives with hundreds of points she passed into unconsciousness.

It was after a long black period that one of the hospital attendants stopped in her room for a moment and told her that her child was born dead. This white-clothed attendant was standing by the open window as she told her. Emma turned toward her and saw past her through the window the tin roofs and chimneys and clothes lines of a tenement district. Then the attendant pulled down the blind and turned to leave the room.

"Wait," said Emma, weak voiced. She thought for a while, then said in low tones, "Raise the blind, please—just a little." The attendant did so and Emma saw that the fog had lifted from the roofs and the sun was beating down upon the city.

# *Editor's Column*

WE take pleasure in announcing with this issue the addition of four new members to the editorial staff of the REVIEW. L. Ron Hubbard, a student in the Engineering school, will be remembered as the author of *Grounded* and *Tah*. Elizabeth Neyman, who came to George Washington from Stephens College in Columbia, Missouri, has published in these pages *The Gray Dress and Bonnet* and *Snowbound*, the latter in our issue of April 5, besides occasional poems. Eleanor Berge, a former student of the University of Nebraska, appeared last month as a short story writer with *White Rice*. Helen Swick is a Junior in Columbia College and the author of *Candle Light* which appeared in a recent issue.

We take this opportunity to thank Eire Mooney, retiring editor, Helene Kreutzer, and Gladys Wright, all three of whom are to receive degrees in June, for the benefit of their experienced assistance in the publication of this issue.

We are pleased to introduce several new writers to our readers. Ethel Raynor McDonald takes time off from her duties as a cavalry officer's wife to study as a special student in Columbian College. Alice Cowles Morris, of the Division of Library Science, shows herself a promising poetess with *Rhythm*. She is an active member of the Creative Poetry Club. *Sea Ecstasy* is Lee Anna Embrey's first appearance in prose; her former contributions have been poetry.

*Look Down, Olympus* is Frank Westbrook's first story for some time. His stories have appeared frequently in former years. James Whiting Saunders has written too many excellent poems in the past to need any introductory remarks.